ALL TUBES LEAD TO "FURNITURE TOWN."

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 74. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 2ND, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE PREHISTORIC MAN

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THE MODERN MAN

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WHERE THE CRAMPEDNESS OF CIVILISATION PALLS

and the stilted conventions of modern life seem to kill that freshness and virility which is essential to success, the man of to-day seeks fields and pastures new, where he has the opportunity of creating that success vainly strived for in England. If you are interested in shaking off these shackles which prevent you fulfilling the ambitions you have in life it is absolutely incumbent

ON THE MODERN MAN

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THERE IS GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF A NEW LIFE.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 74. WEEK ENDING APRIL 2ND, 1910. ONE PENNY.

AKING AN IMPRESSION.

RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY.

other evening I happened to be making journey, and I noticed that the man te me deposited with great care a small something on the seat beside him. had bought two or three papers, and e had read one for a few minutes, he it down on top of the precious tin, upsetting it and almost causing it to the floor. In much alarm he bent nd snatched the paper up, placing the top of it.

d observed all these things in a sort of nscious manner, but now my attention ivetted upon that tin.

as not wrapped up, and I could read int upon the label.

nformed me that the tin contained a much over-estimated mixture of o.

had he not allowed his tobacconist to he tin up in the usual manner? Why not put the tin in his pocket or thrown he rack beside his walking stick? Why turned it round so that I could read me of the mixture?

only answer possible under the circum- was that he was proud of having a tin of this mixture, proud because cost him more than most men pay. suppose that a man should take pride ing of this sort is undoubtedly an un- hought, but when I looked at the man d not believe myself to be in error. rget what that mixture costs, but for presumably containing a quarter of a I imagine he had paid about 3s., was twice as much as he need have or a good tobacco.

extra eighteenpence had been spent in ort to make an impression, and I can the antics he had gone through be- came across him. I can see him ng that tin as he sat in the 'bus that t him to the station, and I can see him ing it in front of him on the counter refreshment room, if he happened to drink.

man who sets about making an im- n in the petty ways indicated, makes incidentally he makes himself a subject rth to other people.

one and only way to make a good sion is to be a sheer, honest, decent If you are that, there seems to be ind of evidence of it in the very look and people like you instinctively.

C. WOLFF.

CHEEK.

Says Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "The man who sees the consistency in things is a wit." But we hope he is not referring to the man whose pet expression is "This is a bit thick."

* * *

The name of a good-looking bay colt is Licensed Victualler. Let us hope he will get on well with the "public."

* * *

Another horse in training at Newmarket is called Coiffeur. We venture to predict that he will provide some close shaves.

* * *

"I may be weak, I may be a snob," says Mr. James Douglas. It is only the noblest natures that will make admissions such as these.

* * *

A book entitled "Scouting Games," by Lieut.-General Sir R. Baden-Powell, has just been published. But surely a better name might have been chosen, for General Baden-Powell would, of course, be the last man in the world to scout games!

* * *

In a list of towns compiled by La Milo as being favourable to her performances we notice that Coventry is included. In La Milo's case, evidently, to be "sent to Coventry" is something to boast about.

* * *

Mr. T. McDonald Rendle says that "apart from wrestlers and boxers nobody now 'competes' at anything." Regularly connected as he is with a paper that may be described as the pioneer of the "sixpenny postal order 'skill' competition," surely Mr. Rendle has made a sorry bloomer!

* * *

"Quite small things upset the sensitive nerves of some women," says the *Gentlewoman*. Even mice will often manage it.

* * *

"The English people are so curious that in order to convince them that you have a voice, you must have a foreign name," says Miss Mabel Chan Toon, in a recent novel. In this case, the talented authoress should have no difficulty in establishing a vocal reputation.

* * *

Says *Answers*: "Golf, hockey, cycling, and tennis, all are eagerly played by the modern girl." If our contemporary would publish an article on "How to Play Cycling," it would be interestedly read by thousands of readers.

* * *

"Safe Robberies" announces a newspaper. Their perpetrators, however, think that they are anything but safe.

J. S. COX.

CLAY-MODELLING.

A USEFUL HOBBY FOR A MAN'S LEISURE HOURS.

It is with the intention of being of service to those of our readers who combine sporting and artistic tastes that this article is written.

But let it be clearly understood that it is intended only for those men who will regard the production of such models in the light of an interesting pastime for an idle hour, and who will not yearn for perfect execution.

First of all you should procure from any artists' colourman, a few pounds of modelling clay, a wire clay-cutter, and one wooden modelling tool. The cost of all this will not exceed a few pence.

Let us suppose that your ambitions lie in the direction of producing the model of a man in an attitude of self-defence. Such would be an excellent statuette for any sportsman's mantelpiece. You should first of all bear in mind the following anatomical proportions:—

The height of a man's body equals eight times the length of his head.

The widest part of a man's shoulders equals twice the breadth of his head.

Distance from shoulder to elbow equals one head and a quarter.

Distance from elbow to wrist equals one head and a quarter.

A good rule of thumb to get the height of the figure, is to consider it equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of both hands, when each arm is extended.

Now take a conical-shaped lump of clay, a little longer than you wish your model to be, very broad at the bottom so as to admit of a firm pedestal. Then, starting from the top, begin roughly to model your man's head, using your fingers as far as possible, but your wooden tool now and then for the smaller details, such as eyes and ears.

Then, to the best of your abilities, "rough out" his neck and shoulders, his arms, the left outstretched and the right folded across the diaphragm, and so on down to the feet. Do everything, as far as possible, with your crudely modelled in this way, it will be time to start perfecting specific details with the modelling tool. But cover your figure with a wet cloth after every "sitting" or it will go "dry," and unworkable in a few hours.

When it is completed, you can, if you like, have it baked, at the cost of a penny or two, at a pottery; but this will take a day or two, as the model must be thoroughly dried, or it cracks in the "firing."

C. M. LOVELL.

SOME REMARKABLE CUP-TIES

REMINISCENCES OF FAMOUS FINALS.

The whole history of the Cup-tie games is interspersed with many remarkable contests. Perhaps the earlier years were more prolific in these than the last few have been, but now the matter is much more carefully thought about and looked after, with the result that much more skill is exhibited, while the public recognise the commercial character of the contest.

Formerly a big club like Sheffield Wednesday might be drawn against the Crusaders, and find out, after spending a large amount in preparation, that the East Londoners were so unappreciative that when the receipts were divided the sum amounted to 8s. 4d. each, and this was in the "eighties." This was paid by cheque, which was endorsed and sent with others to a tradesman in Sheffield.

It was not cashed, but passed on from hand to hand, and ultimately sent out of England. After travelling thousands of miles the cheque reached the bank upon which it had been drawn, but the cashier refused to pay because it was wrongly signed in the first instance. "John Hudson" had appended his signature, but this was not deemed sufficient without the word "Secretary," and consequently the cheque was sent back by the circuitous route of its original travel, until it returned to the club-room of the Sheffield Wednesday, and its reappearance evoked roars of laughter.

A CURIO.

The then treasurer, Mr. John Holmes, regretted that he did not have such a curiosity framed. The cheque was, however, duly returned to the bank.

This is by no means an isolated instance, and several clubs in the early days had experiences of this sort.

Indeed, at another time the Wednesday club were drawn against the Long Eaton Rangers, and their shares of the Cup-tie gate-money amounted to the magnificent sum of £4 15s. It was offered in coppers, but the Wednesday club declined to be burdened with so much bronze. However, it must be admitted the later years have been much kinder to the club, which has found some veritable gold-mines.

The "Throstles" have been a great power in the football world. That famous first of January in 1885, when ten thousand people watched the game in torrential rains, the Albion were opposed by Aston Villa, whom they beat by three goals to one, and that was the beginning of their subsequent great history.

At that time they were a professional team, and were paid ten shillings a match.

WEST BROMWICH ALBION'S FIRST FINAL.

In 1887 they reached the Final by beating Preston North End at Trent Bridge at the semi-final stage. The Anglo-Scottish professional combination were generally thought to be the ultimate winners of the trophy, but their passing was too methodical, and Roberts in goal made a reputation which the Midland folk have never forgotten. Shots were rained upon him, but he never failed to repel them. It was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of goalkeeping ever seen.

The Albion triumphed by three goals to one, and the committee were so delighted that they gave every man 50s. as a reward. The winners were all Englishmen, and this struck the famous Major Marindin as a remarkable fact. In the Final, however, at the Oval, the Albion had to meet the Villa, who won by two goals to nothing. Strangely enough, they attributed the defeat to the special preparation they had enjoyed.

A year later, for the third time in succession, the Albion appeared at the Oval, and Preston North were their opponents. On that day Billy Bassett was playing in his first Final, and the "Throstles" won by two goals to one. The winners of that game were paid £10 a week in wages.

There are those who can still recall the celebrations of that night. The ball was gilded and preserved in a glass case, I am told. The cup was exhibited and gazed at with awe, as though it was a precious diamond, while from all parts of the world telegrams of congratulation came to hand.

In 1889 Preston defeated the Wolverhampton Wanderers by three goals to nothing, and there was no disgrace in being beaten by a side which played 366 matches and only lost 35 in six seasons, while during that time the winners scored 1,502 goals and the losers 384.

RECORD VICTORIES.

This magnificent series of victories, which has no parallel in the game, was not gained by rough play, but by football that was nearly perfect. Among that team of wonderful artists, whose fame will never fade were James Trainer, the prince of goalkeepers; James Ross, the great full-back, and John Goodhall, greatest of a race of gentlemen players, who is now located at Watford, trying to revive that Southern club's fortunes, while R. H. Howorth and Bob Holmes were the backs.

Other clubs cast envious eyes upon Preston, and they lost the "stars" of the team, and were very soon struggling for existence.

Sheffield United are a modern club, but they carried off the National Cup in a famous game ten seasons ago, and upset all the Press prophets.

They were then among the last three clubs in the League table, and they beat Burnley, Preston, Nottingham, and Liverpool, and then triumphed over Derby County by four to one.

A SOUND POLICY.

The "Blades" have never won their chief triumphs through Scottish experts, but their policy has always been to get hold of unknown youths of promise and to train them into class players.

The two most unfortunate Cup fighters are certainly Newcastle and Derby County. Time and again fortune has flattered only to deceive. The Tyneside team were beaten three times in five years, but Derby County had even harder luck. It is just a dozen years ago since they met Nottingham Forest at the Palace, and were beaten by three goals to one.

Again the next year they fought their way right through to the Final, only to be beaten by Sheffield United, and it was generally remarked that they seemed to lose confidence during the great contest.

Three years later on everyone expected them to beat Bury, but each appearance increased their nervousness, and this time they had an unenviable record, no fewer than six goals being scored against them. In the whole history of Cup Finals no team has been beaten like this. It was an overwhelming disaster.

WALTER BULL
(*of Tottenham Hotspur*).

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

FOURTEENTH LESSON.

In the twenty-seventh hit, your adversary le[ads] straight at your stomach with his left, precisely the same way as in the previous hit.

You spring back about six inches, throw y[our] left arm across his left, thus turning his b[ody] round to his own right, and, as you do so, step in smartly and deliver your right glove on back of his left ear.

I have on more than one occasion warned not to use dangerous hits in friendly spars, and I must repeat that warning on this occasion.

XXVII.—A counter tells.

The back of the ear is one of the deadliest spots on which you can hit a man, and though this counter is an excellent one for contests, it should be used with great care in friendly practice.

This brings one to the whole question of hits in friendly sparring.

It is but natural that in the course of a spar your blood rises a bit, and you want to prove to the other man that you are the better boxer, and so the s[par] degenerates into a scrapping match. From s[uch] a conflict both parties generally emerge w[ith] bruised features and pains in various parts of their anatomies, and neither of them thinks it worth while to postpone other engagements in order to have another turn with the gloves.

Both decide that the sport is too painful to be enjoyable, and so they drop it.

The feeling of self-respect also suffers; you know that you are plucky, but you know also that you are sore, and valour takes second place to prudence.

Boxing would be very much more popular if it were not that novices are far too ready to hit hard. Hard hitting in practice spars is usually due to conceit, and nothing else. The man who hits hard simply wants to show off, and it is such hitting that gives boxing a bad name.

There is nothing about boxing to be afraid of, and there is no reason why you should not feel fresh and happy after half-an-hour's boxing as you would after half-an-hour's participation in any other sport. Everything depends upon the men you box with.

Hard-hitting is not necessary at all in a friendly spar, and you ought to count simply by touches. If you get your glove on to him, that is one to you, and so forth.

By counting points in this manner you get all the fun of the actual fight, without having any of the painful after-effects.

In the twenty-eighth hit, your antagonist swings his left round at your head.

Do not attempt to guard at all, but spring back about six inches with the right foot, allowing his glove to

XXVIII.—Letting him swing past.

pass just in front of your face.

The impetus of his blow will then swing him round, and before he has time to recover himself you must spring in and deliver a right hand blow directly on his belt.

Close attention should be given to this hit, particularly to the speed with which you spring as you deliver your counter, for it is quite useless if you wait long enough for him to get back to his proper position.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE CALL OF THE WORLD

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

Two hours ago the sun had set, leaving the moon, till then a pale, almost unnoticeable disc in the heavens, to grow brighter and brighter as the darkness fell.

Now, clear and luminous, a veritable queen of the heavens, she shed down her serene unconquerable light upon the earth, no doubt to the rapturous delight of the poetically inclined, but to the aggravation of a certain man walking along a certain level country road in mid-Warwickshire.

"Dash the moon," he said, pausing to look up and frown at it, with nevertheless a reluctant appreciation of its beauty.

He pulled out his watch, and was able to see the time distinctly.

"Twenty past nine," he muttered, stopping to reflect. "It's full early. I wonder. . . ." He considered a few moments longer. "Ah, well," he added, stepping out again with brisk decision.

A little farther on he reached a lane on his left, down which he turned and proceeded for some distance beneath overhanging trees, whose branches, still bare in this early springtime of the year, yet screened him to a great extent from the searching eye of the moon.

And now he trod softly, as though on furtive business, until he reached the right angle of a smooth, high wall. Keeping within the shadow of the trees on the opposite side of the lane, he unbuttoned his coat and silently unwound a length of rope wrapped round his body.

Then, making a slip-knot at one end, he cautiously stepped across, and, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in casting the loop over one of the iron spikes on the top of the wall.

As a preliminary to climbing, he glanced up and down the lane and then skywards.

"Con'ound the moon!" he muttered. "How long will that cloud take to get to it, I wonder?"

He waited impatiently, till a promontory of the grey floating island hid the moon from sight, then climbed the rope with steady hand-over-hand pulls.

Holding on at the top with one muscular hand, he felt in his pocket with the other, and deftly stuck a cork on each of the four nearest spikes. With another strong pull and a scrape of his toes on the wall, he drew himself up and threw a leg over.

"Ah!" he sighed, hauling the rope after him, and letting it drop on the other side.

"Damn the moon," he said, as the cloud played him false and allowed the moonlight to stream full upon him perched on the top of the wall.

Hurriedly he took a grip of the rope, slid down, and landed with a thud on a flower-bed. He listened, rubbing his grazed fingers together tenderly.

"Anyhow, I'm in," he muttered. "Now, the next thing is to find the way to—— Hul-lo!"

The exclamation was inward, and he shrank back further into the gloom cast by the wall. He had heard measured footsteps on gravel. The sound came nearer. He crouched low, watching keenly. From out of the shrubbery a little way along the path running to his right a figure appeared, bareheaded, clad in a long dark garment reaching to the heels.

The figure was that of a monk, his cowl thrown back from his tonsured head, advancing with calm, unhurried steps.

The intruder held his breath, hoping he would not be seen.

But level with him the monk stopped, looking his way.

"Stranger," he said slowly, "what is your purpose within these walls?"

"Oh, then, you have seen me," answered the intruder, promptly stepping out on to the path and removing his cap in courtesy. "I was hoping you hadn't. You spotted me on top of the wall, I expect. Once again I say, confound the moon!"

He appeared very much at his ease now that he was discovered, and smiled frankly into the other's face. Obviously a young man, he had dark wavy hair and good teeth, and wore a tweed knickerbocker suit.

The monk, also a young-looking man, regarded him with that singular tranquillity of expression which marks the ascetic devotee.

His deliberate approach and entire absence of surprise or alarm were further proofs of a state of mind free from the ordinary disturbing emotions of the flesh.

"Why have you come here?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, it certainly is awkward," admitted the intruder. "I'm not a burglar, you know," he added confidentially.

A silence.

"Well, to own up," he went on, with a candid, disarming laugh, "it's what you might call vulgar curiosity. You see, I'm staying the week-end with the Lamberts—you know the Lamberts, don't you? Oakcroft, the other end of the village. Ah! perhaps you don't; they're Protestants, and indifferent Protestants at that, but quite decent people, I assure you. Old friends. I motored down from town yesterday morning. Haven't been to see them for a long time. Where was I?

"Oh, yes, they got talking about you—I mean the monastery—at dinner-time, said none of you beggars ever came out, and the place was a sealed book, so to speak. I didn't think there were any such places left in England. Most interesting. Anyhow, I changed my togs and slipped out on the quiet to come and reconnoitre. Sounds rather lame when I explain it, doesn't it? But I'm rather a mercurial chap. Hope you won't take it in the wrong way."

The candid, boyish laugh came again, and he gazed at the monk with the utmost friendliness.

A silence.

"My name's Arkwright," he continued, in no wise abashed. "I've got a card somewhere. No, I haven't. Left the case in my other togs. Rupert Arkwright—briefless barrister—that is to say, nothing to do but enjoy myself and be a nuisance to everybody. What's your name?"

"Father John," was the grave reply.

"Ah, yes, of course! I once knew a chap named John. Jolly good fellow he was! Well——" He glanced up at the hanging rope.

"I must beg you," said the monk, without stirring, "to come with me to see Father Leo."

"Who's that? The big-wig of the place? I say, I hope you're not going to make any fuss. Come, be a sportsman!"

"Don't you know that it is forbidden to us to exchange speech with any of the outside world?"

"Is it? That's jolly hard lines, I think. You must get fearfully stuffy boxed up in here."

"It is one of the rules of our Order," explained the monk patiently.

"Good lo—. I mean, fancy confining yourself to a few square yards when there's the whole wide world free to roam over! Pardon me! I'm not trying to unsettle you. I——"

"Your foolish, rambling talk," interrupted the monk quietly, "will not unsettle me. Proceed."

The quick, intuitive mind of Arkwright realised that, at least, his companion was interested. He needed no other encouragement to chatter on in his usual inconsequential style.

"Whatever do you chaps do with yourselves in here? I don't want you to tell me if you'd rather not; but it's always a puzzler to me. It seems funny to dodge the risks of life for fear of getting hurt, besides missing all the fun. You are young. I'll bet you're not much older than I. I'm twenty-eight. What's your age?"

"I am twenty-eight also."

"That's odd. I was sure we had something in common. Without intending the least offence, you're no end of a good sort from the look of you. I mean, you've got the sportsman in you. Look at your frame, or as much as is visible. I'm judging by your neck. Well, I'm pretty muscular, but, trained, you'd make two of me. Feel my arm!"

"If I am overheard talking to you," began the monk nervously.

"Then come out of the light of the baleful moon, old chap. You mustn't go yet, nor must I."

"There is a seat in the angle of the wall just here."

The monk led the way to it with a very different gait from that of a little while ago; it might be said, with agility.

"First-rate," murmured Arkwright, with momentary recollection of shady nooks and alluring maidens. "I suppose I daren't have a cigarette."

"No, no," said the monk hastily.

"All right, though I'm expiring for one. Where were we? I had just discovered that you had flesh and blood as well as a soul, hadn't I? No doubt you have made the discovery yourself and have determined to subjugate it. Each man to his taste. For me, the sun, and the clean breeze from the sea, or the quiet dell with the old mill close by and a little waterfall tinkling at my feet, or the easy lollop over country in the early morning with the beast beneath me snorting now and then to say he likes it, or—— But this is hardly fair to you, is it? I'm sorry."

"Go on. Why not?" The monk seemed to have regained his grave composure. "They are worldly pleasures, shallow, ephemeral, unsatisfying. In here is peace."

"Peace! When the best delight of life is the fighting, when the very appetite for it is created by dissatisfaction! To be out in the thick of it! Shoulder to shoulder with humanity. Humanity!"

He was all exclamation. He turned, quivering with eagerness, to the dark form beside him—eagerness only to express himself, not counting the effect it might have on his companion.

"I tell you it's humanity you miss, shut up in here. Humanity—ugly, beastly, sinning, stumbling, blind, hopeful, never-say-die humanity! Humanity, that even the good God Himself can't help loving—and sent His Son to put new pluck into—sent Him *among* them, mind you! He didn't box Him up in a sanctuary where no harm could come to Him—— Sorry! I'm getting personal again."

He shook a fist upwards in playful anger.

"It's that moon!" he said, "that teasing, bewitching moon!"

But after he said this a mood of strange quiet fell on him, caused by the white, calm sweetness of the night and the sense of mighty forces at work within the man beside him, who sat, almost indistinguishable in the dark, motionless as a rock.

"For me," said the monk at last, in a still voice, "the cell, the cold stones, fasting, the eternal purging of the flesh for the sake of salvation hereafter."

With sudden anguish he called out, "Oh, God! what is Thy will with Thy servant?"

He stood up, his arms strung to his sides, the fists clenched, staring upwards as though demanding a sign from the vast, silent heavens above.

And abruptly, as if in answer, a bright meteor streaked athwart the sky, swooped downwards,

and died out, leaving a transient effect of a blazing finger pointing to the earth.

The monk sank down, covering his face with his hands. . . .

Presently Arkwright spoke.

"Æons upon æons ago," he said, in the abstract tone of one realising for a few moments the mysteries of the Infinite, "that atom of matter was detached from its home and sent on its long, long journey to bear a message to you to-night. I came here, animated by vulgar curiosity, if you like, to prepare you for it. God works in mysterious ways."

The monk unclasped his hands from his face.

"My vows," he said, but lifelessly.

"I think," said Arkwright, "that message has crossed them out."

"It is the call of the world," said the monk.

"It wouldn't call unless it wanted you," said Arkwright. Turning, he added gently—"Come out—to the humanity to which you belong. You will be buffeted, and knocked about, and harassed, but you will have that splendid thing which is every man's birthright—freedom."

"You will help me to get away?"

"Like a bird. I'm returning to town to-morrow night. I'll be outside here at 9.30. Will that do?" He was once more irrepressibly gay and voluble. "My word, this will be a bully sort of elopement! I'll have a suit for you to change into, and you shall be my guest till your hair grows. Yes, I insist."

Then his tone became serious again.

"There's work for you to do in London—*work*, man—work among the poor devils who don't know right from wrong, who try to make themselves think that money, even a little of it, is another name for happiness—work amongst the poor and needy—work amongst those who only want a thorough man to set them running straight."

He clapped his companion on the back.

"Didn't I spot you on sight for a sportsman? The definition of which word is, joy of life. Now, I'm off. Twenty-four hours hence—oh, help! What a commotion in the fowl-pen! I'll pitch the rope back when I'm safe over. You'd better stow it in a secure place for your own use."

He paused with a hand gripping the hemp high up to smile again at his newly-made friend.

"No turning back," he said cheerily, with just a suspicion of interrogation.

Father John gave an answering smile and a vigorous nod. There was a light in his eyes.

"I believe you've really been longing for this," laughed Arkwright. "Perhaps, at the bottom of your heart, you all do."

Astride the wall, he shook his fist at the moon with a final impulse of schoolboy glee.

A moment later the coil of rope fell at Father John's feet.

A MAN'S HAIR.

Few common-sense men to-day will deny that a man's personal appearance goes a long way to decide whether he shall be a success or a failure.

It is not so much the style in which a man is dressed that makes an impression upon a prospective employer or client, but the way in which that man keeps himself. And it is a strange, but perhaps little recognised, fact that the hair is the part of a man of which people instinctively take primary notice.

A well-groomed head produces a favourable impression at once; whereas a head of hair that has the appearance of being ill-tended, is apt to give the impression that its owner is of a slovenly disposition and carries his slovenliness into his business methods.

But "well-groomed" does *not* mean thickly oiled or scented, for to the average man these two characteristics are anathema. The man who combs and brushes his hair well, and makes a good straight parting, has done all that is required of him.

HOSPITAL SCANDALS

SOME POINTS FOR INVESTIGATION.

One of the things that draws our hearts to King Edward and Queen Alexandra is the practical interest they take in their people.

The King does more than any statesman to consolidate international good feeling and to save us from wars, but, not satisfied with accomplishing this, he gives his personal encouragement to those institutions which are presumably designed to help the people personally.

Chief amongst them are the hospitals. "King Edward's Hospital Fund" is a phrase known to everybody.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Does the King know the conditions really existing in many of our hospitals, even in our best known London ones? Does the Queen as, smiling cheerfully and sympathetically, she passes down the ward, speaking to this patient and to that, and congratulating the matron and the doctors who accompany her upon the magnificent work they are doing—does she know the unnecessary suffering to which patients and patients' friends are at that moment being submitted in that very hospital?

Anyone who has been so unfortunate as to be compelled to use a hospital knows that the suggestion made is justified, but even without going inside the iodoform-perfumed portals, one may see a good deal.

Take your walk, for example, along the Waterloo Road before nine o'clock in the morning and study the unfortunate people who are waiting at the out-patients' entrance of the Children and Women's Hospital at the corner of Stamford Street.

A PITIFUL GATHERING.

Between the pavement and the doorway there is a small space filled with women, some of them carrying young children, and on many mornings they overflow on to the pavement, where they are ranged up by the policeman on point duty in the same style as the people who are waiting in a theatre queue.

These women, or the children they carry, are ailing; some of them are the victims of infectious diseases. Is it to be wondered at that the others who are waiting beside them, and whose vitality is at a low ebb owing to illness, should become infected with these maladies?

It would be difficult to imagine a more germ-laden atmosphere than that surrounding this pathetic little group of suffering women and infants.

The hospital is a large and magnificent building. Did those who supplied the funds for its erection ever consider the possibility of the women and children to whose needs it was intended to minister being left to stand for long periods out in the cold street with the dust-laden wind beating about them?

To take the case of another London hospital, a friend of mine was in danger of losing his only son, a boy of five, through an attack of tuberculosis. He spent all his available money in engaging the best surgeons and doctors, and as long as his funds lasted he kept the little chap in a first-class nursing home. The cure, however, took longer than was anticipated, and my friend, now without the means of engaging further professional assistance privately, was obliged to take the little chap to the hospital for sick children in Great Ormonde Street.

TWO HOURS IN DANGER.

The hospital authorities had already agreed to the boy being admitted, and a day was fixed on which he should be brought to the hospital.

There was therefore no excuse for delay, but my friend was kept waiting with this little chap in his arms for over two hours in a room full of dirty people, who very probably were afflicted with contagious disease.

Another scandal in connection with our hospitals is the treatment meted out by many nurses to patients and their friends.

It is well to say here that no attack is made on nurses as a class. The majority of them are ladies in every sense of the word, devoted to their work, anxious to do all in their power for suffering humanity, but there are far too many exceptions.

A nurse necessarily has a certain amount of authority over her patients and those who come to see them. Such being the case, she should in every case be a woman capable of exercising this authority judiciously and kindly.

The officer who has risen from the ranks is a notorious failure. He is not accustomed to exercising power, and when it is given to him he abuses it abominably.

It is the same with those nurses who are drawn from the servant-girl class, and there are too many such.

BRUTALLY EXPRESSED.

In several, if not in most, London hospitals there is a rule that when a doctor comes into a ward all friends of patients must leave. The visitors are never rebellious, and the slightest hint would suffice to clear the ward. I know, however, of a case where a lady, sitting by the bedside of a little girl who was dangerously ill, was accosted thus by the nurse in charge: "Don't you know that when a doctor comes in you must leave immediately? Do so."

The brutality of such treatment to a heart-broken woman need not be emphasised.

Much fuss was recently made in the newspapers about a Royal Princess who went to St. George's Hospital to have a finger dressed. She was delighted with the treatment she received, and those who contribute to hospital funds rubbed their hands with pleasure. Two or three of the papers, however, admitted that the hospital staff immediately recognised Her Highness. Would she have been equally delighted if they had not done so? Would she have enjoyed waiting a couple of hours amongst other patients with unknown maladies?

UNNECESSARY EXPOSURE.

There are other hospital scandals which can only be touched upon here, but which are notorious in several of these institutions. Is it right, for example, that a modest girl who has nothing the matter with her except an injured foot should have her entire body exposed when the doctor and his students come to examine her? And yet that is often done.

Charity is one of the three greatest virtues, and it is well that our newspapers should encourage, as they do, the giving of money by those who have it to give, in order that the lot of the suffering poor may be ameliorated. But would it not also be well if a Royal Commission were appointed to inquire in a sane business-like way into the methods of our hospitals?

ROBERT DALZIEL.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE GAME AND THE CANDLES.

By SYDNEY NORTH.

The game is not worth the candle.
—FRENCH PROVERB.

In Kingshorton we play cards in secret, because gambling is not spoken of in light terms in our village, and the only recognised lottery is marriage, over which Fate and the rector preside in the little church upon the hill. The hands of the abnormally large church-tower clock (which is still awaiting repair) have given up their monotonous round for some years now—just as those who drew losing numbers in the lottery held beneath its shadow have desisted from counting the minutes that separate them from the return of their men-folk.

This is how our parties are made up.

Post-time is past. Our village Mercury has long since taken the road towards the big post-town.

Life in Kingshorton is now devoid of incident entirely. The only thing that stands out with any sort of future clarity is the locking up of our respective houses before going to bed, and, if it is a damp night, being sure to close the bedroom windows lest adventurous earwigs should be found upon our respective dressing-tables in the morning, or snails in the wash-hand basins.

Therefore, if the night is calm, I clearly hear the opening and shutting of my gate. . . . I recognise the stealthy footsteps down the path, by the side of which snowdrops and daffodils are peeping now.

It is Worplesdon, who has come *viâ* the fields from his weird habitation, the Lone Barn. He taps upon my window.

I admit him as though it were the eve of Gunpowder Plot, and he Guy Fawkes himself.

"Comin' down ——?" he says, discreetly leaving the rest of the sentence open, but not omitting to chuck an indicative thumb in the direction of the village which nestles at the foot of the hill.

"I arranged it this mornin'. I thought you'd be certain to come," he says. "Yes. Thank'ee. A little whisky hot is *my* tonic—not too much lemon. . . . Sir—my respec's! I know a judge of whisky when I meet him. . . . Have you any cards? We all knows the cracks on the back of the ace o' hearts, and the corner off the king o' diamonds, which makes the game uninterestin', and the points won on a nap hand almost un'air."

I remark that I am sorry I have no cards. I have informed him so before, but it always slips his memory.

"Never mind," he says, "if we club together about tuppence each we can get a fine pack. . . . But I don't like brand new cards. They're too slippery to deal."

It is by reason of this objection, I suppose, that we never have had a new pack of cards in Kingshorton within the memory of man. I do not believe that the day will dawn that brings us this new pack, which we are for ever promising ourselves. Jerry-builders will have linked the Badger Lane with our village ere fifty-two new Goodalls appear—ah, *where?*

I am letting you into a secret when I tell you that the little harness-house of the Village Maid Tavern is our gambling hell. I am risking the domestic peace of Thomas Tidds, the stableman-ostler, when I say that it is he who secretes the devil's picture-books amid the dandy-brushes in the cupboard, where the blacking and harness composition are kept also.

Mayhap I am making the character of the stable hanger-on, Wilkins, of rubicund (and beery) countenance, liable to misconstruction, when I lightly inform you that he borrows from the storeroom (without asking for, or much hope of repayment) the candles, by the light of which we manage to discern the pips on our cards.

Also present besides these three worthies and myself is Lecky, the sporting "improver" at the village cobbler's. Alas! he is a young man who is more willing than able to learn.

Thus when we sit down at the card-table—a broken fragment of polished splash-board laid upon the top of a rickety stool—we are five. The candles throw flickering shadowgraphs of us upon the wooden walls.

"First Jack deals" is our rule. Somehow it always falls to me, and at the outset I am handicapped by becoming the last caller. The "paper" out is bad with four of us. Lecky goes a magnificent "three," and plays the cards out carefully. First a queen—no one can beat it. Then a king of the same suit. Of course, no one can beat that.

"Whitechapel!" growls Worplesdon. "'Tis even bettin' he's got the ace. . . . Yes, I told ye so! Why don't ye lay 'em down, boy? Did ye think we had anything to beat a three on ace, king, queen of trumps?"

Lecky says how's *he* to know? Worplesdon gibbers somewhat. Thomas Tidds looks unutterable things. Wilkins smiles indulgently and tells Lecky not to "mind" his detractors, seeing that he has got his call home.

No money passes. There is a triangular cribbage board and an ordinary double ditto, upon which our pegs are taken. This duty devolves upon me. Lecky's burnt match has jumped off first with a lead of three. Lecky's brick-red, downy face is flushed deeper still. The day that Lecky wins the "sixty-one up" will be the day of his emancipation. No one will be able to "cheek" him, then, anent his card-playing.

"Any'ow," he will be able to say, "I managed to beat ye not so very long ago!"

This, he believes, will silence us all—although that glorious victory may be far in the Long Ago.

Thus our game progresses, devoid of particular incident, until the five matches of varying sizes and griminess are approaching or within the last ten peg-holes on the way for "home."

This is a time when Lecky's hand trembles as he plays each card. We discover that Worplesdon of the Lone Barn holds the lead and also the advantage of the call.

We must all be "on his track."

He observes he shall "try" three.

We know those "tries" of his.

"Now watch the play, Lecky," says Thomas Tidds very solemnly.

Lecky planks an ace of trumps triumphantly on Worplesdon's king.

The lead is with Lecky now—off he goes with a ten of trumps. Thomas Tidds looks unutterable things. Lecky is bleeding us of our small trumps, but we must follow suit by the rules of the game.

Worplesdon, amid a silence that can be felt, fuddles with his cards, and puts down the queen of trumps, beating us all.

"There!" says Thomas Tidds, slaying Lecky with a glance. "Right into his bally miffin!"

Another two rounds, and Worplesdon is easily home on his call.

Everyone swears at poor Lecky at once, excepting Worplesdon. There is only one magic formula to silence that argument.

"No post-mortems," says Wilkins, the large supporter of the local hop-growing industry.

I take the holes on behalf of Worplesdon. He is within five points of winning the game.

Poor Lecky, as I deal the cards, is acutely miserable. He looks at his five as they lie upon the splash-board, and seems not to trouble about picking them up.

"Buck up!" says Worplesdon, testily.

"Four—no—*Nap!*" shouts Lecky.

Worplesdon bites his lips. He has a "'and like a foot."

It is a horrible two minutes. It is wonderful how anxious Messrs. Wilkins and Tidds are to help Lecky—wonderful how they knit their brows, ostensibly to *beat* Lecky, but, in reality, wondering how to avoid smashing his "nap" with good grace. (Lecky, you see, is far behind, but five points will make Worplesdon the winner.) Both Wilkins and Tidds have excellent "stopping hands," it is plain to see by their expression. For the first time in the game they perpetuate arrant mistakes. Lecky, by a miracle, makes all five tricks, and, with the gleam of victory in his brown eye, he watches me take ten points for him.

Both Wilkins and Tidds have recourse to the wonder-working phrase "No post-mortems!" when Worplesdon points out how it was in their power to have beaten Lecky, if they had had the sense not to throw away the wrong suit.

Even Lecky holds some chance of victory now. It is a close thing. All of us are within the last ten of the home-hole, Worplesdon still the nearest.

Excitement is most intense. Lecky trembles so much that I feel glad there is a place so near where brandy may be obtained should he collapse.

It is Lecky's call.

"Two," he gasps, greatly disappointed.

"Three," says Worplesdon, heavily.

"One better," Thomas Tidds observes, grimly.

"Nap!" exclaims Mr. Wilkins, producing from his pocket another candle and lighting it, because the one we are using is sputtering grievously.

"I'm waiting for ye!" says Thomas Tidds.

Wilkins exhibits the ace of hearts.

"Can anyone beat that?" he asks.

The joke is very old, but this is no time for jest.

"Go on," we say, thickly.

King, queen, and knave follow in quick succession.

"Must have picked the beggars out of the pack!" is Worplesdon's comment.

Wilkins still holds one card.

"Now, then, what have ye got?" he bellows.

"Plank it down, Wilkins!" says Worplesdon. "I ha' a little booty 'ere you won't like!"

"So 'ave I!" Tidds echoes.

"Le-le-let's see it," says Lecky tremblingly.

"Well, who's got the ace o' clubs?" asks Wilkins.

"*I* have!" shouts Worplesdon, flinging it down.

"Then it ain't no use," says Wilkins, very tensely. "This 'ere's the——

"The *what?*" Thomas Tidds all but shrieks.

"Four o' trumps!" says Wilkins.

"Oh, *curse!*" Worplesdon observes, and amid the triumph of Wilkins I lift out his match and peg him out.

There is a chink of coin. Each of us presents one penny to Wilkins. He has won much honour—and fourpence.

* * * * * * *

Then a double knock falls on the door.

It is the landlord of the "Village Maid" who pokes his white head through the opening.

"Wilkins," he says, "I hear you ha' taken quite a pound o' candles from the store-room lately. You'd better pay the fivepence, and save further bother——"

Mournfully Wilkins hands over the coppers, and mine host departs, grunting.

"This 'ere game," Wilkins remarks bitterly, is *not* worth——"

"Stale," Mr. Worplesdon interrupts him gleefully. "*Very* sta'e. And 'tween you an' me the candles ain't worth the money."

SPORT AND NERVES

TRYING TIMES IN SPORT AND LIFE.

I do *not* mean those great nerve-testing occasions when you find yourself confronted by a burly savage, anxious to disembowel you, or listening to the shrapnel whistling venomously overhead, or again looking into the baleful green eyes of an enraged tiger.

Such moments may be worth living for, or dying for, but they fall to the lot of few; I propose to deal with more homely topics, those occasions in the friendly warfare of sport or games when a man's nerve is tried to the uttermost, and he is apt to wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Oddly enough, it is often the veteran and not the recruit who suffers most from "nerves." But perhaps this is not so strange after all. The man who has made his name has a name to lose; the novice has no reputation to damage; there may be bitterness and disappointment in his failure, but there is not the humiliation that attends the downfall of the "crack."

AN OLD HAND.

However, to the point: I remember Tom Hayward, the famous England and Surrey cricketer, telling me that perhaps the most trying moment in his cricketing life was in a Test match at the Oval a good many years ago. In the first innings Tom had captured a large, fat "duck," and when he went in a second time, the Australian bowlers were almost unplayable. Up till then Hayward had never got a "pair of spectacles" in first-class cricket, though he had once returned thus adorned from a Surrey "club and ground" match.

The Australians knew that Hayward's record was in danger, the great crowd knew it, and last but not least, Hayward himself knew it with a sickening and overwhelming consciousness of the fact.

Hayward does not at any time sprint to the wicket; a certain leisurely dignity characterises all his movements, but on this occasion his progress from pavilion to popping crease was positively funereal.

But when at last he faced the bowler he told me he would have given all he possessed had the adjacent gasometer suddenly blown up, or a thunderbolt fallen from the skies. As a matter of fact, the great batsman survived to make a fair score.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Of course, it is a trying moment when a man first plays in a big match, but heavier still is the strain when a man has failed repeatedly, and knows that it is his last chance. C. B. Fry, for example, must have had many trying moments against the Australians before, after repeated failure, he "came off," and for ever silenced Australian doubt as to his ability. Often the strain of the "last chance" test is too much for a man, and he is "beaten" before the game begins.

On the other hand, another type of man will rise to such an occasion, and some men never give of their best until it is a matter of success or extinction.

Football does not provide so many tests of nerve as cricket, because it is a rush from beginning to end, and the player has little time for introspection.

Still, one does not envy the feelings of the man who is called upon to take a penalty-kick, the success or failure of which may make a difference of hundreds of pounds to his club. A few seconds before the crowd were shouting itself hoarse, but now a deathlike silence has fallen upon it. The opposing goal-keeper has suddenly grown gigantic, his arms look yards long, and he has not one but several pairs of them. On the other hand, the goal seems to have contracted; the goal-keeper pervades every square inch of it; it seems impossible to put the ball past him.

But the kicker knows that he ought to score ninety-nine times out of one hundred, that there is no particular merit in success, while there is lasting disgrace in failure. Hundreds of pounds, the hopes of thousands of people, the future of his club, and perhaps his own livelihood, all hanging on that penalty-kick. No wonder if his knees knock together and his heart turns to water as he prepares to take that all-important kick.

RUGBY TRIALS.

Then at Rugby football much may hang on the "conversion" of a try. I remember playing in a Rugby tournament at Johannesburg—where they are mighty keen on the game, by the way—when our opponents were leading us a few minutes from time by 9 points to 5.

Then we scored a try right between the posts. We had an excellent place-kick in the team, and he was called out to take the kick. He was a big, powerful fellow, but the occasion was too much for him. He turned a sickly green and pranced about, wringing his hands and moaning, "I can't do it—I can't do it."

However, a friendly admonition not to be a something fool pulled him together, and he safely shot the ball over the bar.

It is the "short putts," the two-foot "sitters," that try the golfer's nerve more than any other stroke in the game. Of course, it is an anxious moment when you take your driver and see ahead of you the yawning grave that awaits the "topped" ball, or when you harden your heart, call for cleek or brassy, and determine not to play for safety, but to go for the "carry" over the distant bunker.

WHEN YOU WANT TO KICK YOURSELF.

It is deuced annoying when you fail and find the gaping pit or just catch the top of the bunker's bank, but there is not the feeling of humiliation, of disgust with yourself that follows the missing of that simple little putt.

It is "all square" in the last putting green, and you have "this for the hole," this being an eighteen inch putt that in ordinary circumstances you could make with your eyes shut. But you develop "nerves," you begin to think of the possibility of missing it; the possibility becomes a probability, and you make a certainty of it by jabbing at the ball.

Oh, that missed short putt, it poisons your lunch and embitters your existence until the haunting memory of it is wiped out by unexpectedly holing a fifteen yarder.

WITH GUN AND RIFLE.

On the moors, again, a frightful moment comes when you "draw a bead" on your first stag. Here, again, there is mighty little excuse for failure, and the consequences of a miss are generally irretrievable.

Then in ordinary game-shooting, his first woodcock is apt to make a man tremble. It is not the difficulty of the shot, though that is bad enough, it its he rarity of the chance that appals.

Target-shooting has its special moments of strain, and the Final Stage of the King's Prize calls for supreme nerve, when an inner or a "magpie" may make all the difference between success and failure.

The angler often has his heart in his mouth when the last few yards of line are running out and the great fish which he dares not check shows no sign of tiring in his headlong rush.

ON PARADE.

Finally, a perfectly appalling moment for the Army or Territorial officer is that when he is first called out to drill the battalion in public. He may know his drill backwards, he may have practised giving the words of command at squad and company drill, but, faced by the battalion, his nerve is apt to go. He forgets which is right, which left; he forgets the words of command; his tongue, which feels as if it were made of brown paper coated with treacle, cleaves to the roof of his mouth.

And "she" is among the watching crowd. Insensate ass, why did he invite her to come?

The waiting ranks are beginning to get unsteady. A brutal ruffian in the mob conjures him to "speak up." Oh Hades, will he never find his voice?

Sometimes he never does find it, and like a whippet cur he slinks back to his enraged company, and when he does find it it is apt to issue forth in the form of an eldritch shriek or like the croak of a raven suffering from the "pip."

A frightful moment that, when *coram populo* you first come out to drill your fellow-men!

NORMAN FRASER.

THE ARMY CUP.

March 28 sees the final tie for the Army Association Cup, an event to military minds not second in importance to *the* Final at Sydenham. Additional interest is lent to the fixture this year by the fact that it marks the coming-of-age of the Army Cup, which was first played for in the season 1883-89, when the 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders beat the 2nd South Staffordshire Regiment in the final game.

The present holders, it may be added, are the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, who last year beat the Royal Artillery, Shoeburyness, after a hard-fought game by one goal to nothing.

One of the moving spirits in founding the Army Football Association and the Army Cup was Major Sir Francis Marindin, Royal Engineers, who, it is interesting to note, was President of the greater Football Association from 1874 to 1890. The Army Cup, of course, is confined to the Army, necessarily to regiments stationed at home, but the soldiers often compete against civilian teams for other cups, and in the season 1907-1908 the Depot Battalion Royal Engineers covered themselves with glory by winning the Football Association Amateur Cup.

Soldier footballers are, of course, amateurs. Indeed, while many a club would be glad to pay some of them professional fees, "Tommy" cannot become a professional for the simple reason that while bound to the Crown he cannot enter into any outside contract.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

When these lines appear in print April Fool's Day will be in the very near horizon. It is one of the days of the year which the quietly-disposed among us would not miss much, for perhaps we are not so witty as some of our more boisterous brethren. At any rate we don't share their particular brand of humour.

It does not please us on arriving at the office to be told that the "guv'nor" wants to see us, on inquiry of that gentleman to find it to be a false alarm, and then to be hailed with howls of "April Fool!" on climbing back to our desk.

Most people have only the very haziest idea, too, of the rules of this rather cruel April Fool game. They seem to ignore or to be unaware of the sporting rule that after twelve midday on April 1 nobody can be an April Fool. They go on victimising their unfortunate friends all day—one instance of a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

ANOTHER TERRITORIAL STORY.

Trooper Kernahan's Alexander

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The Ides of March having proved themselves far kinder to Kernahan than they were to a gentleman celebrated in history, that excellent trooper of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry was becoming noted on parade for an ever-expanding smile.

The Orders were responsible for this.

As a matter of fact, the Orders Books put forth in the spring are peculiarly interesting.

They speak of camps, camp preparations, blue papers, passes, notifications, and the commanding officer alone knows what else—for good Yeomen always skip the paragraphs dealing with the awful penalties of non-attendance at mounted drills and absence from the annual training. They do not apply to men of the right sort, and all regiments can well dispense with the others.

On one of the dismounted drill nights Trooper Stephen had gathered many recruits around him, and, leaning against the wheels of the big field-gun in the drill hall, he spoke to them of many things, of camping tips, of entraining horses, of tent furniture—all from his veteran knowledge.

Now, it is the habit of a certain class of youth to join the Yeomanry during the winter for the sake of the balls and the smoking concerts, to say nothing of the general military swagger attending to a mounted unit and the pure ostentation of the uniform.

Trooper Stephen, a young man who had grown to use his eyes and his understanding with unerring instinct, felt that several such were among his audience. At least eight of them, he noted, had not turned out at the informal field day, instigated by the indefatigable Captain Devine, of Squadron "B," but a week since.

The Captain's motto in Territorial things was to have "a little bit in hand," and "B" had a reputation to preserve. Things that Yeomen do which do not appear in the Orders are things valued by commanding officers, although the time sacrificed does not count as a single drill towards the efficiency standard.

Therefore, Trooper Stephen observed with the expert's eye that here was ground upon which to sow good seed—poor ground, possibly, but nevertheless there was the chance that all would not fall by the wayside.

In the music-room the King's Own band had struck up, just as Kernahan and one, Trooper Alexander, crossed the hall from the club-room's door.

It was an ancient tune, but it went down well when played amid the trees at camp on lazy afternoons, and certain new blood in the ranks of the musicians had to be initiated into the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the thing. The band was attacking the *tempo di marzia forte*.

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these."

Kernahan and Alexander were passing the group by the gun by this time.

"*Very* appropriate!" Stephen cried to Alexander.

"Yes! . . . . I'll look out for you later, Stephen," Kernahan called back in passing. "I'm just going to see that the Brermouth girls don't run off with our noble recruit before he catches the London train. We've got to hop it too. Come on, James."

Alexander brought a finger up to his peak cap in informal salute.

"Good night, old sport—see you again soon."

"Remember you're booked for our tent at camp," Stephen called. "Kernahan, Carteret, and I will see to your home comforts, laddie, at Liberty Hall. Hot and cold water laid on, you know—by the Sergeant-Major! Good night, Alexander."

"2979 Gerrard," said Alexander, "in *case* of anything special!"

Trooper Stephen nodded gaily, and watched his friends leave by the small door that is let into the hall's gateway. Then he turned again to his audience.

"'Some talk of Alexander,'" a recruit observed, in tune with the band.

"'And some of Hercules'—which isn't *you*, Artie, darling," said Trooper Stephen, selecting a place of small comfort upon the gun-carriage. "*You* didn't take part in that little field day, did you, Artie, my sweet Spillikins?"

"The field day, I understood, was merely for Devine's pets," said the young gentleman, "and I'll trouble you to remember that my name is Arthur."

"It will be Walker if you don't disabuse your mind of the idea that little Devine's 'informals' are things to be treated as of no account. Kernahan would tell you the same. As a trainer of colts he seldom goes wrong in an estimate of form. Look at Alexander—and even at Mr. Reginald McLeod Carteret, who is now in his second year. It's judgment . . . and I'm afraid you'll have to brighten before Kernahan puts you down as handy."

"Well, I'll *try*, Stephen," said Trooper Arthur, rather better humoured.

There's nothing like instilling a little fear into a recruit's liking for you—as all good sergeant-majors know.

"Have a cigarette, then," said Trooper Stephen genially. "You missed something by not turning up to that field day—although the official seal was not put upon it.

"When Kernahan heard that the captain had decided to get us into trim early for camp by giving us a foretaste of field days, we 'phoned Alexander up at his office off the Strand. Then we cheerfully booked the one-and-eightpence the message cost us to his account in the hotel book, together with an extra four 'd' to equal two halves of the 'Meteor's' best stout, which Kernahan and I reckoned we had a right to, as old Alexander down the 'phone said:

"'Well—thanks—and good-bye. I wish I could take you out to have a drink. But I'll see you to-morrow.'"

"'No time like the present,' Kernahan chuckles. 'The wish in your case will stand the liquor. Remember that you have an account at the "Meteor." But we'll be merciful—devlish merciful, Alexander,' he said. 'Two brandies and a "Polly" split, and two nice cigars will satisfy *our* simple needs.'

"And off we went into the lounge and quaffed two halves of stout strictly at old Alec's expense, stout, which modesty almost forbids me to say, is the best in the Eastern counties."

"But it doesn't *quite*," said Trooper Carteret from the background—and ducked in time to avoid an empty match-box flung with a certain precision by Trooper Stephen of the King's Own.

Trooper Stephen drew himself up haughtily, as far as his position allowed him.

"I was telling you, before that varlet basely interrupted me, about this field day.

"It was largely based upon imagination, for—alas!—there were several Trooper Arthurs who did *not* turn up."

"*Do* drop rottin' a chap, Stephen," Trooper Arthur interposed. "I'm sorry; and I think you've flicked me on the raw quite enough. You don't catch me evading your beastly informalities again. Hang it, there's less fuss over missin' a dozen drills!"

"Exactly, sporty boy! Think of old Alexander, who travelled a hundred and twenty odd miles and near as a touch lost hundreds of pounds over it! I tell you, chaps like that put their hearts in the game—and there are men like, well several I could mention, shirkin' it when they're on the spot!

"*As* I was sayin', there were several young gentlemen who *forgot* to turn up. *Wherefore*, my Arthur, we had to trust largely to imagination and supposition, and about twenty men were told off to kid themselves that they were whole squadrons. Very interestin' evolutions, *I* can tell you.

"The general idea, for the purpose of Devine's scheme, was that the K.O. in force was called upon to patrol some twenty miles of coast-line, all to be linked up by telephone at every or any available place.

"Sometime in the afternoon—you will notice that Devine was givin' many of us little temporary 'commands'—Devine was going to 'phone from my place at Brermouth to Sergeant Hall (who had some twenty men representing a squadron under him, lying snug as bugs in a rug up at Tofterton), tellin' him just where the enemy were supposed to land along that twenty-mile coast-line. Then in his turn Devine was to get into communication with Kernahan (commandin' another twenty), and thus link the whole lot up, includin' outlying patrols. All were to converge by ridin' like hell upon the exact locality mentioned by Devine.

"Note, my beloved hearers, that men not turning up at that place would not be so much blamed as their commanding officer. Considering our numbers, and that twenty were accounted a full strength squadron, imagine precisely how many, in parliamentary phrase, one man counted on a division!

"The whole thing in point of fact devolved into a big concentration scheme, with enough responsibility upon Hall and Kernahan—to say nothing of men in charge of patrols—to pretty nearly drive 'em stark starin'."

Trooper Arthur's eyes sparkled.

"What sport!" said he, fervently. "Catch *me* missing another field day! I *don't* imagine!"

Trooper Stephen was vaguely conscious that he was sowing good seed on rather moderate ground—and continued.

"Well, among the twenty under Kernahan's command were Carteret and Alexander, and according to the general scheme we three formed standing patrols, although I believe there should be at least five or six men under a non-com. in actual warfare. (But remember how many we counted on a division!)

"Hall, as you will remember I told you, was at Tofterton, nine miles south of Brermouth. Gemsby Gap, nine miles north of Brermouth, was Kernahan's base—and we linked up communication all along the line to Brermouth by telephones at the coastguard stations.

"We had to do all this and patrol a coast-line efficiently under war conditions in a very short time, I can tell you. No sooner had we reached our base than out we had to ride in parties of twos and threes—countin' much in excess upon a division—with the prescribed end in view.

"Anyhow, let it go at the fact that we were all in position well to time after huntin' up coastguard stations and pickin' out country suitable to retire upon, *à la* Devine's scheme."

Trooper Stephen absent-mindedly struck a cigarette and tried to light a match therewith.

"Carteret, Alexander, and I were at a little place known as Stalling-on-Sea. It was in the

rules that each man had to produce a rough map of the country he'd ridden over. (Devine's *the* nut on efficiency. He's the sort of chap they want in the War Office, instead of a lot of effete politicians.)

"We'd got through all these things and had our maps pat and beautifully drawn—(trumpeter's dead)—with all cover and lack of it marked. All we had to do now was retire to the coastguard station, and await Kernahan ringin' us up.

"To show you how near the proverbial skin of our eyelashes we were, let me politely inform you that we had only been in occupation of the coastguard station for the period of ten minutes when ting-a-ting comes the 'phone.

"'That's Kernahan,' says Alexander, and the coastguard curses and mumbles somethin' about his place bein' turned into a home for lost Terriers. (This was supposed to be funny, I believe.)

"It *was* Kernahan.

"I was actin' in command of the patrol, so I went to the 'phone.

"'First of a'l,' says he from Gemsby, 'you listen. You must make for the "Meteor" Hotel at all possible speed—you and Carteret. Captain's order is that those not present by 5 p.m. will be disqualified.'

"'What about Alexander?' I said.

"'Ask him to come to the 'phone,' says Kernahan, '*at once!*'

"I heard him saying: 'Old Hall's lot look like whackin' us this time,' as I passed Alexander the receiver. . . . Hullo, Kernahan!"

Trooper Stephen broke off as his friend joined the group.

"I'm just telling them about your message to old Alec. P'raps you can manage it better, as my knowledge only comes of hearsay—which is not legal evidence," said Stephen.

Trooper Kernahan hoisted himself more or less gracefully upon the gun-carriage.

"Well," said Kernahan blandly, "er—er—Alexander came to the 'phone. I'd had the devil and all of a pippy message from Devine for him.

"Devine, you see, like all good generals, was this time snugly ensconced in Stephen's office at the 'Meteor' Hotel, quaffing samples of port and smokin' fat cigars with Stephen's guv'nor.

"My orders as soon as I got to Gemsby were to ring up the 'Meteor.' (In our friendly rivalry old Hall, I understand, was only beaten by two minutes upon this part of the programme.) I heard Devine's voice—slightly thick with biscuits and port, I thought—down the 'phone.

"'Link up all patrols, and ride like blazes for Brermouth,' he said. 'All ranks to parade in front of "Meteor" Hotel as slick as possible. All later than five will be disqualified.'

"'Right, sir,' I said.

"'Hold the line!' says Devine. 'Tell Alexander that his biggest machine has broken down. We've had a 'phone message to that effect. The young man who spoke to me from Alexander's office said there was some difficulty about the *supplies*, or something. That's the gist of the thing, but they were raving, seemingly, up in London. I'm sorry for Trooper Alexander. It was fine of him to come all the way for what, after all, is only an unofficial affair.'

"'Great Scot!' said I, and slammed down the receiver.

"Then I got on to Stalling-on-Sea coastguard station by telephone. When Alexander came to the 'phone I didn't wait to break it gently to him. There was no time for it. Brevity, you know, is the soul of wit.

"'I expect you'd better drop out and catch the 4.15 train from Stalling,' I concluded. 'I'll see to your nag, and lead him to Brermouth if you leave him tethered outside the coastguard station. It's a pity, because that will make my progress rather slower, and we shall lose all the points that two men count under the present scheme we're working. Old Hall will win in the proverbial trot.'

"Alec hesitated a second.

"'Right youare,' he said. 'You come along now.'

"Hardly chuckin' a 'Thank-you' to the coastguard of the Gemsby station, off I rode, cursin' the bad luck that had fallen upon old Alexander and, incidentally, upon me, because of the points we stood to lose by the absence of two men, when the rest paraded outside the 'Meteor.' It looked any odds on Hall's lot, didn't it, Stephen?"

Trooper Stephen favoured the group with a solemn glare.

"By gosh, it did!" said he. "But in spite of the horrible issues involved, Alexander was not a bit put out.

"'You cut it to Brermouth with Carteret, Stephen,' says he. "I'll get on to my office by 'phone. At least you and Carteret can get to Brermouth and save a *crushing* defeat by old Hall's lot.'

"I couldn't pull myself away though, because I saw old Alexander was in trouble, and I wanted to know if I could be of any use to him.

"'2979 Gerrard,' he says, picking up the receiver again.

"In about a minute he was through.

"'What's this about the big machine?' he says. '. . . Can't be put in working order for three days? Then keep the two small ones going day and night. . . . Yes, they *can* do it. . . . Of course the men will have to stick at it. . . . No, we *won't* fail. Get the Scotch and Irish lot off first; let the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and North of Scotland supplies go direct by passenger train—there won't be time to send them by steamer and have them divided at Leith; never mind the difference in carriage. South Irish must go by the Great Western, Fishguard route; you'll save four hours. Dublin and North Irish by Holyhead as usual, but passenger train instead of goods. Hold London till last.'

"Then he stood listenin' a bit.

"I was listenin' too. It's funny, somehow, to hear a chunk of London business being transacted over the 'phone of a coastguard station.

"I wondered what old Alec was thinking about it, and how he liked having his soldiering broken into like this, but he seemed calm enough, though his face was a bit harder than usual, and his jaw was sticking out and sideways pugnaciously.

"'Don't tell me it's impossible,' he says again to the receiver. 'It's only difficult. . . . Manchester? Hold them over till you're right with the Scotch and Irish. . . . I'll be at the works at 11.15 to-night, and I *expect* to find the two small machines going at top speed.'

"Whoever was at the other end of the wire was doing a bit of talking, and Alexander listened again.

"Then suddenly he turned round, and noticed that I was still standing behind him.

"'Off you go!' says he, putting the flat of his hand over the receiver.

"And, seein' that I didn't appear to have any particular chance of helping him, I decided to wait no longer. So Carteret and I rode off at our best pace for Brermouth. You can take up the running now, Kernahan."

Trooper Kernahan flung away his cigarette.

"When I arrived at the Stalling coastguard station," he said, "I merely stopped to lean over and untether Alexander's horse, and catching hold of the reins off I went.

"Then I heard no end of a yelling behind me, proceeding from the door of the coastguard station."

Trooper Arthur drank in Kernahan's words open-mouthed.

"'Damn you, sir!' cried a familiar voice. 'Where are you going to with my charger?'

"I turned.

"It was old Alexander, sure enough.

"'Well—why the deuce aren't you on the way to London by this time?' I shouted. 'You've missed that 4.15 now, and—good heavens!—*why?*'

"'Because I've arranged my little business by 'phone,' he called out. 'Bring my horse back, you blighter. Don't you know that Trooper Kernahan's squadron in force must be—and will be—outside the "Meteor" at five!'"

A RAINY DAY.

A FEW DEVICES WHICH MAY HELP TO PASS IT OFF PLEASANTLY.

You throw down the evening paper. Somehow it isn't interesting to-night. Or, perhaps, you aren't in a humour for reading. Your mind is occupied with something else. You get up from your chair, open the front door, and stroll down the little path that leads to the gate.

"I hope," you mutter, your eyes on the heavens, "that it'll be a fine day to-morrow for Dixon's visit."

But, alas! for the luck of human kind, it isn't. When Dixon arrives, prepared to spend the day with you, the rain is pouring down; and the soaking earth streams with rivulets of water, which unite here and there to form tawny puddles, in which the incessant rain makes ever-reappearing circles. Nothing could be more depressing.

Ah-a! An idea! You possess a couple of air-guns and a tin box full of lead pellets. Perhaps you may be able to get some fun out of these. So you and your friend lean out of the window that overlooks your little strip of garden, and keep your eye open for something to "try your skill" with, as the automatic machines say. "See that sparrow on the top of that bush? Let's have a pot at him." You do; and he flies away, thus filling you with a mild exhilaration, for you know you must have "touched him up," or he wouldn't have moved.

Cruel to the birds? Not a bit of it! The air-gun can't kill, or even hurt, at any distance worth mentioning. All that the shot does is to touch the bird lightly, and, after all, that is all you want.

Now for a "quick-firing" test. There is an old tin-can lying at the end of the garden, and with your watch in front of you on the window-sill, you challenge your friend to hit the tin-can more times in a minute than you yourself will.

He agrees, and a Spartan fight ensues. Click, bang, click, bang go your guns. You both load feverishly, aim, and fire with all speed. So absorbed are you that you forget to look at the watch, and you are at length pulled up by a shout from Dixon. "Steady on," he says. "We've gone five minutes. How many hits have you made?" You think for a second, then grin foolishly. "Blest if I know," you answer, "I've lost count." "So have I," says Dixon.

And both of you burst into a roar of laughter.

The air-gun business is beginning to pall by now; and as it still wants a couple of hours or so to lunch-time, you hit on the happy idea of having the gloves on for a quiet spar. There is nobody in the dining-room, so that you clear away the chairs into one corner, push the table into another, and then the room is fairly suitable for your purpose.

It's really much better fun, you think, sparring like this, without an instructor continually keeping his eye on you, and hauling you about at almost every movement to demonstrate some error of "footwork," or to explain in what particular your "guard" was faulty.

So you "go for" one another whole-heartedly, leading, stopping, countering, ducking, and last, but not least, puffing, until a girl comes in to lay the table for lunch, and you and your friend retire in confusion.

Have you ever tried to make toffee? No? Well, you should. It's great fun, especially if you don't know how to do it. You get a saucepan—one on which no great store is set—a quarter of a pound or so of butter, and half a pound of soft sugar. You melt the butter, pour in the sugar, put it on to boil, and keep on stirring until the mixture looks brown and consistent.

Then pour it out on a plate, wait till it is cool, and then break it up. If you have previously buttered the plate, you will break the toffee only; but if you haven't, you will smash the plate as well.

But what does that matter? Sensible people make toffee less for the pleasure of eating it than for the fun of making it; and if it is your first attempt, it will probably be productive of much merriment.

F. L. Price.

A METAMORPHOSIS

THE COMING OF SPRING.

That evening I had taken a pipe and a good [illegible] into my little garden with me—to say [illegible] thing of a great-coat, for the wind was blowing [illegible]ly and shrieking by the gables of the old [illegible]e.

But there was no resisting the call of my friend, who shared my country habitation.

He tapped at the window.

"You must come out!" he called. "Moon's [illegible]ing bright as day."

Old Teddy, our fox-terrier, brushed by my ankles in the doorway, commenced to bark joyously, and then subsided with peculiar suddenness as he reached the garden gate.

The garden, beneath the rays of the March [illegible], looked particularly bare and ragged in the [illegible]. The tall sentinel elms bowed with the [illegible] the apple-trees in the small orchard creaked. [illegible]er the pale moon-lit fields beyond the back of [illegible] house, the wind seemed to be roaring like a [illegible]tuous roll of breakers on the beach.

"What a wild night again," said my friend. [illegible]nd what a moon!"

[illegible]ross the sky white, driven clouds were [illegible]ding.

We stood at the gate, looking down the road that showed white beneath the moon. For some time neither of us spoke.

Something seemed to hold our tongues.

"Hey," said my friend suddenly, "my pipe's out."

I [illegible] my briar.

"[illegible] mine," said I.

"Do you want a match?" I asked him.

"No . . . er—somehow——"

"You don't *want* to smoke!" I put in quickly.

"No. . . . Can't think whatever made me! [illegible] such a sin to inhale anything but this air."

We kept silence again for a space.

"There's something different in the whole [illegible]rld," he said again. "Can't you feel it, too? [illegible] I want to stretch myself, fling my arms [illegible] shout——"

"And *exhale*! . . . Inhale new life," were [illegible] words my mouth shaped in obedience to a [illegible] thought in my brain. Though heaven only [illegible] what put it there.

The gale was dropping very gradually. It [illegible]ned to me to look at my watch. I could see [illegible], very plainly in the moonlight.

"We've been here over forty minutes," I said [illegible]enly.

"It hardly seems five!" said my friend.

"What the devil's the matter with Teddy?"

The little terrier was whining piteously, standing with his ears pricked the while.

Twice he seemed to prepare for a leap into the [illegible]. His muscles gathered, and—twice he relaxed [illegible].

My friend broke the silence again.

"Funny the wind should drop like this."

His words, softly spoken, sounded almost [illegible] upon the deadly stillness that reigned.

The moon shone now in a sky quite innocent of [illegible] the merest rag of cloud.

[illegible] the outer flow, as of an invisible wave, [illegible]d to surge up around our feet, rising to the [illegible] waists until our hands were bathed in it.

"[illegible] . . . . " My friend's voice sounded [illegible] sepulchral. "My fingers are tingling, and [illegible]hing's jumping in the muscles of my fore-[illegible]."

Teddy was now barking madly. He half [illegible], half scrambled, over the gate, and leapt [illegible] the road for all the world as if I had [illegible] after a day's absence and he was [illegible]ming me.

"What's wrong with the little beggar?" I [illegible] . . . . The wave seemed to have [illegible]ed us in its insistently-flowing tenacity, [illegible] everything before it.

Then I felt the broad hand of my friend fall [illegible]eavily and smartly upon my shoulder.

"Come out in the road and I'll fight you!" he cried gaily.

The madness seemed to possess me, too.

"Come on, then!" I cried.

Right and left we hit out straight from the shoulder with all the goodwill in the world, until suddenly sheer lack of breath caused us to stop.

"What the devil *are* we doing?" my friend panted, hanging upon the gate.

"I don't know," I said. "It's something in the air."

Almost mechanically, I took off my great-coat and, running down the garden path, entered the door-way of my house and hung the big ulster upon the pegs.

"Can't think what you are wearing that thick coat of yours for," I shouted to my friend. "This isn't winter, it's——"

"Why, it's spring!" he shouted gaily. "Hang the bloomin' fireside. Let's go for a walk down to the woods!"

"Half a sec.," I cried, "and I am with you!"

When I strolled down the garden path in the morning, I found that there were buds upon the trees, that the crocus and the daffodil were appearing to view . . . that Winter had merged into Spring.

H. GERRARD.

JOCKEYS' LEAPS TO FAME.

There are few professions which are characterised by as much romance as that of the flat-race jockey; and yet it is strange that a calling which admits of its successful members earning a Cabinet Minister's salary at an age when most boys are still at school, should not be hopelessly overcrowded. For the jockey's profession has only a moderate following from the point of view of numbers, and contemporary critics are expressing earnest hopes that one or two more "cracks" may shortly be discovered from among the ranks of the apprentices. For, considering the number of horses engaged during the flat-racing season, there are not enough good jockeys to go round.

The way that famous riders spring up from comparative obscurity is little short of wonderful. Take the case of Higgs, who has twice headed the list of winning jockeys, and whose name is now in every racing man's mouth. In 1903 he had two winning mounts, as against 149 three years later.

Last year Fox finished up sixth on the table of winning riders, scoring sixty-six victories, a total which compares very favourably with the nineteen which fell to his lot only two years previously. And it is safe to say that nobody who saw Frank Wootton, then a little boy of nine, win a small race in South Africa six years ago imagined that in so short a time he would be earning a salary of £5,000 a year.

But, on the other hand, some jockeys score big hits in their first season. A prominent instance is A. Templeman, who, in his first year, rode sixty-six winning races.

FISHING-RODS.

AND WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN BUYING THEM.

If there be one time more than another when I long for the wealth of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, it is when I find myself in a first-class fishing-tackle shop. I would like to buy up the whole concern, so varied and attractive are its treasures, but it can't be done on a pound or two, and one flits from rod to rod, unable to make up one's mind.

The point is that if a fairly good old hand like myself finds himself bewildered by the different and ever-potent attractions of the fishing-tackle maker's shop, what must be the feelings of the novice who enters to buy his first rod, and it is to the novice that I address these hints on choosing a rod.

Naturally, the kind of rod you want depends on the sort of fishing you are likely to get, but as salmon-fishing is only for the favoured few, I rule out the salmon rods, tempting and beautiful as they are in their 16ft. to 18ft. of length.

For a start the novice cannot do better than invest in what is called a "general rod," a-sort-of-maid-of-all-work among rods, good for fly or bait-fishing, for game or coarse fish.

That light, split-cane fly-rod there is a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever," but even if the novice can spare the five golden sovereigns that it will cost him, he had better stick for the present to a "general rod" wherewith to learn the elements of his craft. The delicate beauty alluded to might be wasted, perhaps irretrievably injured, in his unskilled hands.

Rods are made chiefly of split-cane, greenheart, whole cane, and blue mahve. Split-cane is the most expensive, and for a "general rod" greenheart is the usual material. But there is greenheart and greenheart, and the cost of a "general rod" may vary from five to thirty shillings. You will get a serviceable and reliable rod for half a guinea, and quite a good one for twice that sum.

The "general rod" should be about 12ft. in length, and weigh about 15oz. Have nothing to do with a rod that weighs much more than 16oz. for 12ft. of length.

The great thing in choosing a rod is to get a well-balanced one, for this will make all the difference to your success and comfort in fishing. An ill-balanced rod means tired arms and wrists, faulty casting, mixed fish, and general annoyance and irritation all round.

When trying the balance of a rod, remember to have a reel put on, for the reel, of course, alters the balance of a rod.

By balancing the rod on a finger you can tell pretty well if the weight is properly distributed. The point of balance should be not more than 18in. from the reel.

The "general rod" should have a spare top-joint, a foot or so shorter than the regular top, but beware of those rods that have many spare tops, interchangeable joints and spare butts. These "compendiums" are confusing to the novice and rarely satisfactory.

See to it that the canvas bag in which the rod is placed is roomy, for it is bound to shrink if it gets wet, as it probably will.

Having bought your first rod, make a solemn vow, have it printed as a text, and hang it up over your bed, or wear it as a chest-protector, that you will never replace the rod after fishing without first putting the little stoppers into each ferrule.

No angler ever kept this resolution for any length of time, but it is as well to make it.

Swear also that after fishing you will pack up the rod, and not, as so many lazy anglers do, leave it leaning against a wall to warp or to get knocked down.

Promise yourself also that you will always use the case. Many anglers don't, and, prodding the unprotected ferrules into the ground, get them stuffed up with mud.

Your "general rod" may last you a life-time, or its career may be prematurely ended by accident. But let us hope the former will be the case.

S. JARROW.

Where Men Foregather

LVII.
IN THE HIGH STREET ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

In any busy street, in any town or city in this country, there is life to be seen and character to be studied on a Saturday evening, but, to my thinking, the big towns must in this respect give way in point of interest to the smaller country towns.

In the High Street of a country town you may see on a Saturday evening men of every description, but the great majority are pleasant men to look upon and pleasant men to think about.

The cynic may find things to despise—the gaudiness with which some of the young women clothe themselves, and the obvious striving after effect exhibited by some of the young men who have armed themselves with walking-sticks of a cheaply fashionable pattern which they carry by the wrong end; but though these and some others whom one meets in the High Street may certainly be open to criticism, they are not the type of people who cause you a revulsion of feeling, for they merely excite your sense of humour.

Perhaps I am wrong in beginning thus, for the bounders, male and female, do not by any means constitute a large proportion of those one meets in the High Street.

MARRIED AND HAPPY.

Here, if anywhere, you find abundant evidence of healthy and cheerful domesticity.

The young married man of the country town makes, I verily believe, a better husband than does his brother of the city. The latter has his own particular interests, and his business friends to meet, but on a Saturday night the former devotes his leisure to taking "the wife" out, carrying her parcels for her, advising her in her purchases, and attending to her comfort in every possible way.

Here comes a young man, obviously of the working-class, and as obviously, from his costume, a groom. In one hand he is carrying a mat-basket containing fish, meat, or other provisions, and with the other he is balancing a little chap who sits cockily upon his shoulder. The youngster probably refused to be left at home, footed it beside his parents as long as his strength would sustain him, and at last gave vent to the request: "Carry me, Daddy." And Daddy, of course, was perfectly incapable of resisting.

THE MAN'S WIFE.

Beside the groom walks his wife. She is not perhaps, quite so pretty as she used to be when a few years ago they walked as sweethearts down, this same High Street on a Saturday evening. The cares of the household—cares which she takes so seriously—have made a slight impression upon her features, and yet she has lost no beauty. What may have altered with the passage of years in the way of complexion and vivacity has been atoned for by the sweetness that has come to her.

She is a married woman, hard-working, scheming to make both ends meet, but she is a woman who has found the man she wanted, and as they walk down the High Street together you can see that she is as proud of him as he is of her and of the little chap she has given to him.

A pleasant feature of the High Street of a country town in these days is the presence of so many Territorial soldiers in uniform.

Saturday afternoon, being convenient to most, is the chosen time for drills, for which, of course, uniform has in most cases to be donned.

Probably it is not sheer laziness that makes the Territorial refrain from changing into civilian clothes after the drill is over, and certainly he cannot be accused of laziness when he changes from his service to his walking-out kit. Perhaps he is the victim of a little vanity, but it is so extremely pardonable as to be likeable. He is a young man rejoicing in his strength, and he knows and uses the power of the uniform.

He knows, though he pretends not to know, that the laughing girls he meets and passes turn round to look at him; and he knows also the respect—and possibly the envy—that the uniform brings him from those of his own sex who have not the time or the inclination to earn the right to wear it.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

The High Street on a Saturday evening is a meeting-place chiefly for the working-classes, but now and again one finds a county gentleman who has come in to do business during the day, and has stopped on for a concert or a theatrical performance at the Town Hall. So far as clothes go, he is not easily to be distinguished from the others, except that his dress is a little more careless.

But perhaps the most interesting characters of all are the itinerant dealers in picture postcards, fruit, shell-fish, and other commodities. Some of them are well-known characters to every inhabitant of the town, but many of them come no one knows whence.

Round these men you may weave little romances if you feel so disposed. How do they spend their day? Not in drunkenness certainly, for many of them are young, healthy, and well-clad. More likely in poaching, and quite possibly in the theft of such things as may be stolen—and they are not many—in the country.

Yes; the High Street on a Saturday night is a place where one can study men, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly good and indifferent.

Peter Gilchrist.

WHY NOT A SPORTING PAGEANT?

During the last few years the United Kingdom has fallen a victim to what might be called the "Pageant Fever." Every successive year sees a plethora of pageants, the Empire Pageant, the Church Pageant, the Army Pageant, and what not; but why is it that in a sporting country such as ours no enterprising promoter has thought of a Sporting Pageant?

Surely such a spectacle would be of the deepest interest alike to the sportsman and the earnest historical student. Learned antiquarians might show us the popular sports or recreations of the Ancient Britons; then we might watch the sports of hawking and archery, so closely associated with the Middle Ages. The growth of such games as tennis, billiards, and—advancing to a later period—the sports of racing, fox-hunting, cricket, football, and golf, would indubitably be of the deepest interest to myriads of sportsmen—and sportswomen.

To put the matter in a nutshell, the early history and gradual development of British sport would provide a more fascinating pageant than has been given as yet. How much longer are we to wait for it?

A RAMBLER'S PARADISE.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF A DESERTED CANAL.

Of all the open and lonely places on the earth few can compare with a stretch of abandoned derelict English canal for sheer picturesqueness and attraction for the open-air man.

Many an afternoon, many a day, many a week and, indeed, many a whole summer and autumn holiday have I spent on the banks and on the scanty waters of some of these wonderful secluded and out-of-the-way watercourses, now left to themselves and the nature lover these many years. Where the canal runs between the back-yards of town houses, under the and pestiferous tunnels, and between the gloomy walls of warehouses and factories it difficult to imagine that there can be any attraction for a man who loves clean air, long views and the quiet of nature; but most of these canals were built long before railways were planned, and so they led from town to town, passing through peaceful valleys and under sheltering woods on their way, and only accumulating such refuse as dead cats and turnip-tops when near the close-packed habitations of humanity.

Now they are derelict, forsaken. Their scanty waters bear few burdens, and these only in the neighbourhood of cities. Their banks are overgrown with many trees and shrubs and luxuriant grasses, the haunts of many a furred or feathered wild creature, and a source of infinite delight to the potterer with an eye for beauty and wild life.

Much of their charm lies in the fact that they take an irregular course through the countryside, turning aside from the hills, skirting deep impenetrable woods, striking out into a broad valley here, and creeping through a defile in the high land a little farther forward.

But everywhere the canal attracts, and the water has such fascination for the boatman who can manage a tiny craft single-handed, and who is prepared to take what luck the weather and the little inns along the bank can offer him.

Far off the highways of modern traffic the hours pass without unwelcome interruptions, and a man can cut himself adrift from every care and be himself. The isolation is as complete as that of the hill-top, another place where only calm spirits dwell.

Running in between the towering, moss-[illegible] walls of a lock, you draw to the bank and make fast the little boat. You leave it there while you explore the banks, mounting to the top, luncheon basket in hand, to enjoy as fine a meal as man could desire, in the most spacious and decorated of dining-rooms.

The old lock gates offer a broad and comfortable seat. They are wedged tightly together. So tightly that you can go no farther with your [illegible] and help must be obtained to haul it round to the water on the other side.

But distance is no object this afternoon. You have bread and cheese, half a dozen apples—Ribstons, chosen by yourself from the orchard as the last stopping place.

The water here and there is spurting up from the rotting sides of the lock-gates, spraying the ferns with an unnecessary shower. The trees are turning red and gold and brown and purple. Blackberries in abundance are your dessert, and a pipe the crowning pleasure of the meal.

Nothing better than this, you think, is possible in all the world of pleasure. There is no trace of other human life around you, and even the print of the labourers' hob-nailed boots on the surface of the towing-path are days old, and are already losing their distinctness.

The first stillness of afternoon begins to give place to the chill of early evening. Through the half-naked trees the yellow sun is fast falling to the horizon. You return to the boat, and soon are hard at work pulling back to your port tingling with vigour and warmth, though the chill mists have already risen on the water, and night is settling over the plain.

M. Bruce.

The Place for the Week-end Sportsman

LOOKING FOR FARM-HOUSE DIGS.

What are you going to do with your week-ends during the coming spring and summer? Already I have heard many men chatting over the good times they will have together when the country revives and the days are longer.

I know from bitter experience that plans made to March often fail to pan out in June as they were expected to, and this more often than not has been because of a fatal lack of preparation. No man is at a loss for plenty to do, if only he knows where to go and do it. To find the week-end farm or cottage where from Saturday to Monday a man may lead the life that gives life—the open life, is not easy business, but it is often neglected until it is too late.

For this reason I would advise any man who means to leave London or any other city as often as he can during the coming months, to set about finding his place and laying his plans now.

WANTED—AN ARCADY.

The desire to know of an ideal country place, a loafing place, if you like, but in any case a pottering ground, is strong in most robust men. They picture themselves in easy clothes, having a clear and open time free from the cares and worries of making two ends meet in business.

The feeling will grow with the advance of the year, and happy is the man who has found his place and is ready to start.

When the sun begins to warm the earth and make the winter overcoat a burden, and when the sharp little green spikes of crocus and daffodils have broken through the earth, then the heart leaps and bounds with delight and the whole healthy man throbs with a tremendous longing to get out of the town's clutches as soon and as often as he can, and simply mingle himself with artless Nature and enjoy the signs and sounds and smells of reawakening earth.

As he ponders these things while riding in the bumping motor-bus or strap-hanging in the outward-bound suburban train, he makes up his mind to spend every week-end far out of town in his ideal country.

This ideal runs more or less on these lines: There rises in his mind a fairly long railway journey, express for sixty miles or so, and then a puffing and snorting little train out on the branch line to a village unknown to the guide-book.

OUT INTO THE WILDS.

A walk, or a drive behind a sturdy cob, for two or three miles to a farmhouse—no boarding place masquerading under that delicious name, but a genuine, rambling, beetle-browed country home, inhabited by a genuine hale and hearty farmer and his wife, and their strapping sons and comely daughters—cattle all around, a scent of log fires and sweet produce everywhere, the best fare both of food and drink, acres of land to roam about at will, a wood to trespass in, a hill to climb, a stream to loaf near, a gun to take round the hedges in search of rabbits, a terrier for company and sport, an absence of restrictions as to meal times, bed times, or drinking times, a sense of "liberty hall" and genuine welcome everywhere.

The ideal could be expanded indefinitely, but this should be sufficient to indicate the kind of place that many readers are just now longing for, I feel sure.

And as our typical townsman — with the memories of a childhood in the country buried deep beneath a world of business cares —thus gives play to his desires, he thereupon decides to put his plan into execution.

Here, however, his difficulties begin. Much as he has heard of the pleasures of life in such haunts as these, he cannot remember a single place which offers such attractions. If he is wise and would be ready, when the hard weather breaks, to take his bag and himself out into the new spring world, he must not wait until half an hour before his office closes for the week. He must seek out the place in good time.

The delights of the popular resort are dinned into his ears by every boarding; the comfort of this hotel and that boarding house is "unique"; the air of any of the Londons-on-sea is health-giving; the week-end tickets are inexpensive; the "attractions" are manifold, and so on.

But they do not raise the spirits of the townsman whose heart is set upon less artificial joys. He wants to spend his free days and nights enjoying himself in the sweat of his limbs rather than in the efforts of a military band or the endeavours of a touring theatrical company at the local theatre.

RAISING AN APPETITE.

He would put on thick boots, old clothes, a soft collar, and start out across country in search of the keenest appetite man ever satisfied with good roast beef, and the driest thirst that ever home-brewed golden ale or "Old October" has slaked.

This England of ours, abounding in the loveliest scenery, dotted everywhere with the most enticing farmsteads and country homes, and flowing with milk and honey, and wholesome beer, makes an ideal loafing-place for tired townsmen in search of the restoring strength of unspoiled Nature.

The only way to find the place you want is by personal inspection. Spend a week-end or two on cycle or afoot searching for it. There is a huge demand, and that there is a huge supply is equally certain.

The discovery of such a place is one of the keenest pleasures a man can experience. The place that invites him with its grey age and evidences of secluded comfort, turns up often quite unexpectedly. He comes across it when walking, or cycling, or staying with friends, and his eye brightens and his heart leaps wildly as he goes to make inquiries about the place.

He is far better pleased with such a place if he finds it unaided. He then feels all the thrills of the explorer, and he keeps the knowledge of it close in his heart, only giving it away to those who he knows will appreciate it.

If he can help it the place will not become too popular. He and his friends will make it their preserve, and for many a season they will return to it at every opportunity. C. Easton Grey.

IN DEFENCE OF THE SMALL MAN.

Anybody who has frequently attended race-meetings cannot fail to have witnessed with some amusement acrimonious discussions between "pea-and-thimble" men and their dupes—discussions which sometimes, but not often, end in bouts of fisticuffs.

"Thee's nobbut a —— swindler! Ah'll knock thy —— yed off!" you will hear a burly countryman observe pleasantly to the gentleman who has so deftly manipulated the coyly retiring pea and the deceptive thimble. This worthy is generally a diminutive, wizened man of mean physique, and one shudders to think of his probable fate if the countryman carried out his threat. But he smiles up at his enemy ingratiatingly.

"Oh, don't do that, sir!" he pleads. "You wouldn't hit a little 'un like me, I'm sure!" But the yokel is infuriated, and lashes out at the little fellow with clumsy force. And then a wonderful thing happens. One of the "little 'un's" bony arms wards off the blow, and the other shoots out like a flash; and the brawny countryman finds himself prone on the ground, wondering dully how he got there. The small man "knows how to look after himself."

In England where men are wont to "run to inches," there is a fairly general tendency to contemn the short man. But this is very foolish, as many a big fellow, rejoicing in his muscular strength, has before now found out to his cost. It is a natural thing that when a man sees that he is physically at a disadvantage with the majority of his fellow men, he takes steps to "make things even" in other ways.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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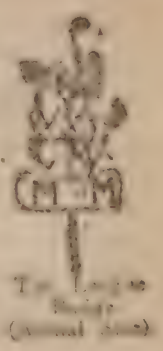


TWO LETTERS

AN EPISODE.

By A. G. STORM.

The first letter was addressed to Stanley Booth, Esquire, Apartado 87, Monterey, Republic of Mexico, and ran as follows :

"3, Armitage Chambers,
"Chancery Lane, E.C.,
"April 7, 19——.

"My Dear Booth,—I got yours saying you expect to return during May, and reply to it promptly, so that you may get this before you leave.

"It was good to get one of your random notes, proving that the dust of Aztec bones had not choked you utterly out of existence, and it will be better to have you at t'other end of the table to toss for the odd kidney. Mrs. Martin has had another brace and I've worn out your carpet slippers, otherwise you will find the two years have brought no difference.

"Yes, there is something of a difference, and it's this I want you to know before we meet, because afterwards we sha'n't either of us mention it again.

"You would put me down as a rather practical chap, I expect, if anyone asked you, just as I should class you as one of the romantics.

"That is why I make an attenuated living by pumping out romantic twaddle for the *jeune filles'* penny weeklies, and you nose among the ruins of a dead civilisation requiring matter for heavy tomes which will never be bought until they figure in the tuppenny box of a second-hand bookstall. Which is a sentence on the literary level of my usual output.

"But to contradict an opinion you have never expressed, you are wrong. I am not a practical chap. I thought I was. For thirty years I have hugged the delusion to my bosom. I am a top-storey, hundred-horse-power sentimentalist.

"Judge the truth of it when I say I have fulfilled my one stock wishy-washy plot in my own life. I have fallen in love with an heiress. There you've got it, neat and undiluted.

"None of the concomitants are absent—the country house, the other man, titled and wealthy ; the implacable parents—all according to catalogue ; only, because it's real, with a somewhat unorthodox ending. You shall hear about it in a very few words.

"I sailed into the situation a fortnight ago with the pennons of careless, contented bachelordom flying. I came out with a hole right through me beneath the water-line.

"I sha'n't mention names, but it began with an invitation to spend Easter with some friends in the country. I ought to have known better ! Powers that rule us, I ought to have known better ! What has a beggarly scribbler to do with fashionable house-parties? But I went. I got my antiquated dress suit rejuvenated, borrowed your portmanteau, and went.

"I landed there at six on the Thursday, just in time to scramble into a change for dinner, and at seven-ten it happened !

"You can't describe these things. They put her next to me at the table. Her fiancé was on her other side. Yes, the titled, wealthy other man is her fiancé. My partner was matronly and subdued. I turned to the other flank—and met her eyes !

"Booth, a shock went through me, just as if my soul were made of metal and had been struck with a gong.

"She's got grey eyes, a steadfast, fearless grey, and there's a tilt and sway about her that you see in arum lilies. Arum lilies are holy, too, aren't they ?

"We knew it was hopeless from the start. There was the other man, her position in society ; her future, and—yes, my poverty. The last was a greater stumbling-block to me than to her. She would have shared a hovel with me and worked till her fingers bled if I would have let her. But we both understood what that would mean. We both had the cursed modern gift of perceiving reality behind the glamour.

"I don't mean that word cursed. I know in that part of me which we call the soul that we did right. She will marry that man, and everything will go on just as if nothing had happened. Only there will be something of her that he will never have, because it has been given to me.

I stuck it out till the Saturday. Good Friday was a Sundayfied day, with the men playing golf and the women listless with their novels. But I had my talk with her in the evening. And the next morning I took the first train to town. I didn't even kiss her . . . If I had . . .

"Now you know there is a skeleton in the cupboard along with the boots and your smoking coat. I'm going on just the same ; in fact, I've developed an unusual degree of energy.

"And what do you think? I've hunted out that moth-eaten manuscript novel which you always believed in, and Beaumont has taken it. Seventy-five pounds down and the minimum royalty. Your besmudged reputation as a prophet has been cleansed at last.

"But I am still doubtful whether to take the incident as irony or compensation.

"Ever yours,
"Edward Grant."

* * * * * * *

The second letter was dated in Monterey, April 25, and read :

"My dear Grant,—Your letter was sent on to me at Chihuahua, and delivered by an Indian of villainous dirtiness and magnificent manners. He brought it out to me to the Temple of Tealtapan, and I read it among the ruins.

"I read it thrice. The first time I swore, the second time I sighed, the last time I remembered I had always expected this.

"But my latest mood is puzzlement. I don't like the way you talk. I don't like your style of putting it. I like far less what you leave out altogether.

"You don't mention, I observe, a blighted life. You have nothing to tell me of the long vista of hopeless years. There is a snap of the teeth behind every word. You've been drilled under the Plimsoll mark, but you're stuffing the hole with the rags of common sense.

"That means business. That means your wound is the right thing, and you struggle to survive the right thing.

"I am glad of that. I am glad you have been hurt, deeply, violently, savagely hurt. The weaklings succumb to scratches, the Trojans fight mightily with blood raining from a ripped groin.

"Having addled my metaphor from excess of heat, let me settle down to a quiet, companionable chat. The tobacco-jar is on the table between us, the pipes are charged and lit, and the rustle of the fire is louder than the roar of London outside.

"Do you know what has occurred? You have made the wonderful discovery that there is more in life than you knew of. You have been taken up by Nature to the loftiest pinnacle of all and shown all the kingdoms of the world, and never afterwards will you be blind. And never will you forget.

"It doesn't matter at all that you are not going to marry her. You will be just as happy—or as miserable. You will in any case be lonely. There isn't an existence passed on this earth that hasn't got a want in it. A perpetual, ever-present want. I have got mine, though I have never spoken about it. And it grows in time to be in a way sacred.

"Neither will she be unhappy. You will be glad to know this, because, of course, you are thinking more of her than yourself. And equally, of course, you don't understand her, and how she is taking it is unknown to you.

"She will be happier than you that it has ended like this, because the heart of a woman has a large capacity for hidden sanctity, and what you are to her will be enshrined therein, dear and never spoken of except to her God. She will pray for you always to be the man she believes you to be, and she will never know that, try as you will, you fall short now and then. So you see you both have the better part.

"That you gave her up with the calm acceptance of the inevitability of it is proof, if I want any, that you have found real gold. The fevered impotence of passion lashing itself tormentedly because it cannot secure and enjoy what it desires is not love at all. It owns an uglier description.

"But love (which is a word you scrupulously avoid, and I know why) is a rarer thing. Its very essence is renunciation. You have only to look at the divine example to be sure of this. And you have renounced, obeying an unerring instinct which neither of you was foolish enough to resist. What does Keats say?—'Love in a hut with water and a crust, Is—love forgive us—cinders, ashes, dust.'

"I make no apology for the lame trick of quoting another's wisdom to endorse my statement. I'll bet you have been feeding on quotations for the last few weeks. They are our forefathers' charity to those who are empty of their own comfort. Read the Old Testament if you dare even a minute from work. But work is the best cure of all—and by gad, Grant ! there will be none in it now.

"Congratulations on the sale of the novel. The proceeds should enable you to give up the hack work and to devote your abilities to something which is a true expression of them. You have the truth to tell now, you know ; slabs of it hewn out of the great rock of life.

"I spoke of work being a cure. Will you want me to tell you, I wonder, that a cure will come. It to you that is incurable, though you will find cowards who make their diseases their delight.

"I gather that you have not seen her since, and that you do not intend to see her again. No half measures ! No enfeebling regrets ! That is fine.

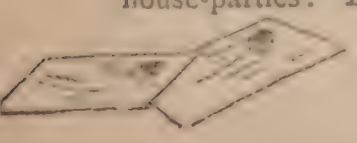
"You have not looked down the vista. The day is enough for you. So, just in the same way, you will not count upon this other man dying a premature death and enabling you to take what is your own.

"What she could give you, and what you have got, is all that is worth having. You should be a proud man, proud in a shy, humble way. I expect you are, too.

"I shall be with you a few days after this letter, and then for the joyous task of compiling what you are pleased to call useless tomes.

"The cupboard door is shut. We sha'n't open it again. But how glad I am that you didn't run away, thinking to leave trouble behind. For one thing, you wouldn't be there to make the place home for me when I get back.

"Ever yours,
"Stanley Booth."



A Man's Surroundings

THEIR INFLUENCE ON HIS HAPPINESS.

Every man wants to be as happy as possible, but the science of happiness is not sufficiently studied. In athletics you want to excel, and you carefully study those things which appear to be interfering with your success. In the case of the pursuit of happiness, however, a man often allows himself to be the toy of circumstances and of his own immediate inclinations; when, as a result, he finds himself unhappy, he blames everything but the true cause.

There are many things that go to make a man happy or unhappy, and one of the most important of them is his surroundings.

Probably at some time you have been unfortunate enough to be in a room which was furnished with a horse-hair sofa and other things, the wall being decorated with mid-Victorian coloured prints of the most hideous description, and the mantelpiece covered with various pieces of alleged vertu, in which have been stacked bunches of dusty grasses and the seed-pods of the plant called honesty.

If you have been in such a room for five minutes without feeling a sense of keen depression you are a very exceptional man. There is a lack of welcome about the place when you enter it, and there is a freezing aloofness about the family album which, with other seldom-consulted volumes, lies upon the table so carefully covered, and so geometrically arranged in the middle of the room.

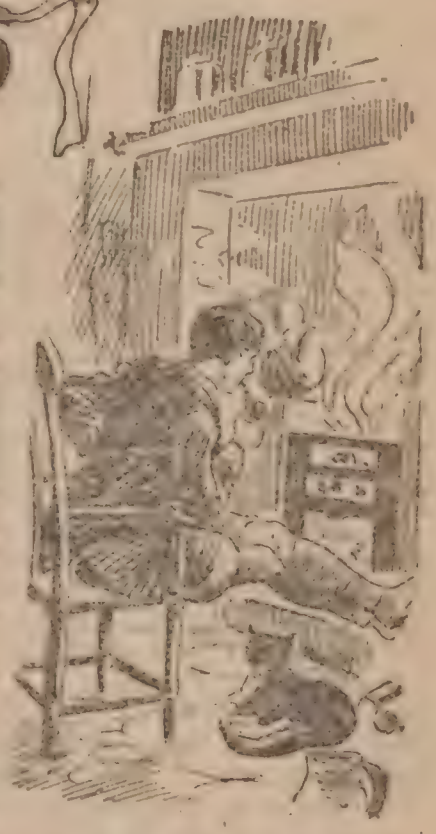
Strange as it may seem, the people who have a room of this kind in their house are usually hearty and kind, and presently, under the influence of their welcome, you forget the depression that was settling down upon you; but these people have risen superior to their surroundings, and, besides, it is not probable that they are very much influenced by this depressing room, for, this being their "best room," they seldom visit it.

When a man is selecting lodgings, he does his best to avoid an establishment where the sitting-room is of this description—that is, if he be wise. He is working, shall we say, in a City office, where everything is plain and hard and business-like. When he gets home, even if his home be only lodgings, he likes to have evidenced about him, just here and there, the magic touch of a woman's hand, the flowers artistically put up, the chairs arranged in the most inviting and comfortable positions.

Of an evening a man may betake himself to his club or to an art gallery, or to the lounge of a theatre, not because of what he may see or hear there, but for the sake of the half-unconscious comfort that he will obtain from the luxury of the things about him.

That same man will go for a week-end trip to the country, and put up at a farm-house where the general furnishing falls miles short even of the humble lodgings he has left, and yet everything will seem to him to be just as it should.

On his return from a long tramp over the hills and through the woods, he will seat himself in front of the open kitchen fire and plant his heels upon the brightly polished steel fender.



The kettle is humming merrily at the fireside; in his lodgings he always objected most strongly when a kettle was put on the fire of his sitting-room. There is no carpet beneath his chair, only a brick or a stone floor; the carpet in the sitting-room of his lodgings used to worry him because of its shabbiness. The walls are ornamented only with frying-pans and the calendars of tradesmen, but they please his eye; the wallpaper of his sitting-room always irritated him because of its garishness.

And what is the reason for his change of outlook?

Probably, as he sits before the fire watching the steam rising from his soaking boots, he is too happy and too well contented to bother about puzzling over matters of this description, but if he really held a self-examination he would admit that it is his present physical feeling that is casting a glamour over all the things about him.

When he was hunting for lodgings he would never have considered even the possibility of renting a sitting-room like this farm-house kitchen, and yet it seems to him better than any boarding-house sitting-room that he has ever visited.

When eventually he sets up a house for himself—when, as you might say, he starts afresh, and when his surroundings are entirely in his own hands—he may for the first time begin to consider which sort is most capable of giving him permanent happiness.

Probably he remembers such places as the farm-house kitchen in which he rested after his exertions, and perhaps he may have one room in his house fitted up in the same severely plain style that he noticed there. If he does, he is not likely to use that room very often. The farm-house kitchen is a perfect apartment when you are weary after hard bodily battle with the weather, and when you want to rest and get dried; but when the farm-house kitchen is imported into the town, it loses its charm.

A man with the power of selecting his surroundings should remember what sort of frame of mind he is going to bring to them, for it is on his frame of mind, rather than upon the surroundings themselves, that their effect upon him will depend.

If he is an active sportsman, keen on this thing and that and seldom indoors, his surroundings will matter to him but little, but if he is a home bird his surroundings will count for much.

His taste will naturally weigh most. If he is fond of bright colours, he must have them; if he likes pictures, he will have them framed or even stuck on his walls without frames; if he has a prejudice against this or that, he will see that it is not visible. But the two great things that a man must remember—and the two things that a woman should remember also when she has any part to play in looking after a man's surroundings—are cleanliness and utility.

H. J. Rogers.

SKITTLES.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GAME.

"Beer and skittles" had a meaning once; it was the English rustic's ideal of earthly pleasure—unlimited beer, unlimited skittles, that is—but it hasn't much meaning now.

With the passing of the rustic and the old-fashioned country inn, so has passed to a great extent the fine old English game of skittles—it was really imported from Germany, but no matter. Still, it lingers here and there, and one would like to see it popular again, for skittles is an excellent game.

It is played by two players or by two sides of players. At one end of the skittle alley is a wooden frame or platform, on which are set up the nine cigar-shaped pins, each about a foot high and weighing from 7lb to 9lb apiece.

The pins are set in a square with one angle towards the player, who stands twenty-one feet away from the nearest pin. He is armed with a heavy, circular wooden ball, weighing from 10lb to 14lb. This ball he throws at the pins, trying to knock as many down as he can in one throw.

An expert will upset the whole nine, and the mark that he aims at is the right shoulder of the foremost pin. When all nine pins go down in one throw it is called a "floorer," and counts three points.

If the pins are all knocked down in two throws two points are scored; if in three throws, one point is marked; but if after three throws any pins are left standing nothing is scored.

Another way of scoring is by "chalks," one player chalked to the best of two players each turn.

Yet another and amusing variant is to play for fives, each pin floored counting one point. In this case, if a player's final throw makes him more than 31, that throw does not count, and he has to wait till his turn comes round again. Or sometimes he is "pegged back" all the points he made over 31. For example, if a player is 30 and knocks down 5 pins, then his score would go back to 26, because he was 4 points over 31.

This is a very enjoyable form of skittles, for any number can play, each man fighting for his "lone hand," and merriment is supreme, howls of laughter greeting the unlucky wight who, standing at 30, scores a "floorer" after taking most careful aim at a single pin.

Another variant of the 31 exact game is to deal out discs numbered from 1 to 20 to the players. Each player has to make 31 exact, less the number on his disc. For example, if a player gets a disc marked 5, then he has to make 26 to win. If he makes more than 26 then he is either pegged back as before, or he is "busted" and retires from that particular game.

The players do not see each other's discs, and so there is a pleasurable excitement about the game, for a player with a high disc number may go out in two three's, and nobody knows when the winner may not announce his victory.

Each player contributes an agreed amount to the pool, which is "scooped" by the first man to reach 31 exact.

In American bowls or skittles the ball is bowled, not thrown, along a carefully constructed wooden floor, while the pins are ten in number, and are arranged in the form of a triangle.

In Dutch skittles, too, the ball is rolled or bowled; it has a slight bias on it, and, as a rule, the centre pin, which is larger than the others, has to be floored before the knocking down of any other pin can score.

Skittles is a man's game, for the heavy ball takes some throwing, while it is excellent training for hand and eye, and also fine discipline for the temper.

Moreover, it produces a "beautiful" thirst, and beer seldom tastes better than after a hard-fought game of skittles.

Also, it is a very ancient game, for it was popular in England so far back as the fourteenth century.

D. R. Mackie.

A MAN AND A MICROSCOPE.

AN INTERESTING INDOOR AMUSEMENT.

Without being a naturalist, or anything of that sort, it is really remarkable the amount of fun which can be got out of a microscope.

To start with, quite a cheap instrument will do, sometimes second-hand ones can be picked up, or, again, it is possible to hire. It is not only a fascinating hobby in itself, but it lends an interest to other outdoor pleasures.

A microscope does not take up much space, either at home or in one's travelling bag; and as an amusement for wet holidays it is hard to beat.

The man who collects natural objects will find it a most useful and delightful companion, for, unlike the learned lecturer, it cannot bore you when you are not in the mood to attend. It is also very easy to play a practical joke on a pal by means of a microscope.

Apropos of this aspect of microscopy, I remember when Jack Coleman was studying medicine, and incidentally other things as well, and being at a loose end one evening, he offered to shave Tom Perks. Tom hadn't been shaved for some days, owing to the local barber being locked up for theft and an accident in the hunting field rendering self-shaving an impossibility.

Tom agreed, and very well Jack performed the operation, though we had hard work to restrain him from shaving Tom's head as well as his face while he was about it.

Then he asked Tom if he had any idea what hairs looked like under the microscope, Tom said he hadn't, so Jack told him to come and look.

I think they must have been hairs out of my mare's tail that Jack had provided, but you never saw such a look of wondering horror on anyone's face as that which crept over Tom's as he stroked his newly-shaven chin. "No wonder," he exclaimed, "a man feels like he does after never being shaved for a week!"

But to return to the more dignified uses of a microscope, it may be remarked in passing that the amateur photographer will find a microscope a most valuable ally, there being both pleasure and profit in photographing magnified objects of interest.

A housefly is a very common object, but under the microscope it becomes a very extraordinary creature and, with its natural enemy the spider, well worth looking at.

But the outdoor man can pick up curios for himself and keep them until wet weather or some minor accident confines him to the house, and there is nothing he will find will while away the tedium so delightfully as a microscope.

The stalk of a flower, a fragment of thistle-down, a bit of orange-peel, a dead beetle or a butterfly's wing, seen through the lenses, are most wonderful objects.

There is always a fascination in seeing how things are made, and it is equally fascinating to see on a large scale how the many objects with which we are familiar in every-day life, are constructed.

The highly-finished, high-power microscope is an expensive thing to buy, but where amusement and not science is in view a less costly one will do equally well.

A microscope of a sort may be home-manufactured; an upright piece of wood, with another flat piece to form a stand, a cleft in the middle to enable a bent wire to be inserted, supporting a magnifying glass or hand-lens, makes by no means a bad substitute for the real article.

For those who collect gems, it may be of interest to know that flaws in precious stones can be detected with ease under a microscope.

Shells and other aquatic treasures can be studied under the lenses, and they acquire in this way an interest which they may lack under ordinary circumstances.

A good microscope needs careful handling, and on no account must it be allowed to get dusty.

Expensive instruments are fitted with proper cases, but it is quite possible to make one, either of cardboard or leather; failing this, a green baize bag may be substituted as a protector from dust.

D. McL. Henley.

MY NOTEBOOK.

WHAT I MOST ADMIRE IN A MAN.

There are many men whom I admire for different reasons, but I had never given a thought as to the individual quality I most esteemed until I received the following letter from a reader in Canterbury:—

"By your selection of articles and stories," he writes, "you show that your knowledge of men is great. A vague ideal seems to be set before us, of a man whose tendencies are sporting, sympathetic, dashing, and one thing or another. This ideal seems to live in the majority of your articles and stories, but it is rather difficult to aim at such an ideal, and I wish you would tell me the one quality that you most admire in a man, and I shall try to cultivate that before attempting the others."

Undoubtedly, the quality I most admire in a man is nerve, and yet I do not know that I ought to do so, for nerve is a quality dependent upon many things outside his control.

THE TAXI-CAB DRIVER'S NERVE.

When I finish work of an evening, I generally walk to the station, but sometimes in order to catch a train I take a taxi-cab. The distance is not very great, and it is not worth while attempting to work during the short journey, so I just sit and look out at the window in front of me over the driver's shoulder.

As we cross Waterloo Bridge we have many close shaves. The bridge is narrow, and it is difficult for the driver to force a passage between the two streams of traffic. As I look through the window I see as soon as he does a 'bus or a van draw out of line, thus making it impossible for us to get on. There is a sudden wrenching of the brakes as we pull up to avoid a collision, and I find my teeth pressing together and my lips tightening in anticipation of the shock that, however, does not take place.

If you ride through the traffic of London in a taxi-cab, the driver of which takes a sporting pride in his work and is keen on going as fast as the law permits, you cannot but feel, if you look out of the window in front of you and observe the number of narrow shaves that you make in the course of even a short journey, that your driver must be a man of iron nerve to face so many dangers throughout the whole course of his working day.

For the driver of a taxi-cab I have, therefore, a very big esteem, for in him is embodied the marvellous quality that we call nerve.

Nerve is a strange thing when you come to look at it. I cannot help setting my teeth when I sit in a taxi-cab and watch the driver pull up within a hair's-breadth of some approaching vehicle, and yet if I were on his seat, I do not believe that I should be alarmed at all.

It is a strange fact that you do not experience the slightest sensation of fear or alarm when carrying through a dangerous or difficult task, although you may experience it afterwards.

A FINE OLD HORSEMAN.

The other evening I had a long chat with one of the finest horsemen I know. He is a man of fifty, but stronger than the majority of men who carry only half his years. He has any amount of pluck, as I have on more than one occasion proved by watching his coolness when breaking-in young horses to harness.

We were talking about troubles with horses—bolting, shying, and so forth—and he told me of one or two occasions when for a few minutes he had absolutely carried his life in his hands, as, for example, when a horse he was riding bolted with him in a busy street, and he had to get his feet out of the stirrups and throw them practically round the animal's neck in order to escape being smashed by two vans between which the horse just managed to force a passage.

One story led to another, and I recounted some incidents from my own experience when horses had bolted with me, but I did not tell him how I felt.

A CONFESSION.

"I never trouble about it at the time," he said, "but after I get off the horse, or jump down from the trap, and think of the narrow shaves I've had I often shake like a leaf. Another thing is this: I can drive a horse that's trying to play the devil, but I couldn't sit quietly beside a man who was doing it. If I hadn't got hold of the reins I'd be as nervous as a kitten."

His confession encourages me to make one of my own. I do not think that I have ever experienced the discomfort of fear while I have been actually on a horse, in spite of what it might be doing, for my attention has been directed to bringing my mount back to order, but on more than one occasion I have, after making a mount, felt positively afraid on dismounting.

It is not a very pleasant sensation, and I suppose it does not redound to a man's credit, but there you are. I daresay that the model of nerve whom I cited, the taxi-cab driver, experiences the same feeling under similar circumstances.

TERRITORIAL BUNGLING.

Constantly I have brought to notice cases where the authorities governing the Territorial Force have bungled lamentably. Here is another instance.

The letter is from a reader in Surrey, who previously lived in Kent. He was an enthusiastic reader of this paper, and eventually he and I became friends by correspondence, although we have never met one another personally. Acting on my advice, he applied for admission to the East Kent Yeomanry, and I shall not readily forget the letter I received from him, telling me that a vacancy had occurred and that he was to be sworn in forthwith. In the same letter he told me that he had lost his employment, but that he scarcely cared, so overjoyed was he at becoming a Yeoman.

Now he writes to me as follows:

"A few months ago I received a letter from you sent to my home in Kent.

"At that time I was out of employment, and with your encouraging letter came good luck—I have a decent appointment here.

"On coming here, however, it was necessary to transfer from my old corps, the East Kent Yeomanry, to the Surrey Yeomanry. After three months' delay at headquarters, I am informed that the Yeomanry being full up, my free discharge is being applied for.

"Here am I, willing to join, or rather to continue as a Terrier. I have passed the medical examination, &c., and yet they won't have me. I know if I could have joined the Surrey Yeomanry I should have found plenty of friends, and I want to go in for any and every kind of sport and can. It is a damned shame. I've fairly got the pip."

REFORM BADLY WANTED.

I have already said that I should consider it madness for me to suggest more papers to a district than the district wanted to buy. That is business, but the War Office, and those connected with it, are not wont to be business-like.

Our Territorial system of defence is intended for the guarding of the country as a whole and not for one district more than another. Therefore I think it stands to reason that where—as in London and some other parts—there are more requests for admission than there are vacancies, new squadrons should be formed, the cost of them being deducted from the grant made to other districts which cannot complete their establishment.

For a young man like my correspondent to be kicked out in this ignominious manner—although he is in every way fit and ready to serve his country, and although he has already received some training—is not only a shame but a proof of the shortsightedness and incompetence of those who control our present system.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE SCORPION.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

"Let go my arm."

"No, no."

"Do as I tell you. How dare you annoy me?"

"Please listen to me one moment."

"Not a word. Loose me—curse you! Let go."

The man wrenched himself free from that small detaining hand that yet clung to his arm so fast. He took no notice of the beseeching blue eyes that were lifted to his cast-iron face.

The woman reeled and fell back against the wall, while he jumped into his luxuriously-appointed motor and drove off.

The woman glanced after him, and the look in her eyes was not good to see.

It was the old, old story—man the tempter, woman the tempted; kisses sweet on the lips and wine of pleasure in the remembrance; a little time of delight, and then a little growing weariness, deepening into positive satiety on the man's part.

Then the inevitable break.

He had paid her, he said—left her with a roll of notes to recompense her for her ruined life—gold with which to mend the rent in her honour. What more could she expect?

He paused a little as he lit a cigar, and his chauffeur, observant but silent, smiled covertly. These women were the very deuce.

Of course, being only a chauffeur he had a far more limited experience than the millionaire whom he drove.

The motor stopped before an expensive block of flats. A well-known variety star had her home there, and the orchids that lay on the seat opposite the man were for her—likewise the diamond pendant in his pocket.

He was a self-made man, he always boasted, but he omitted to say how many lives he had sacrificed in the manufacture—not that the variety star was one of them.

Oh, dear no; she had not twinkled in that firmament for nothing. She cared nothing for the man, only for his wealth.

But the woman from whom he had just parted with a curse that stung like a lash had loved him.

As he sat opposite the yellow-haired beauty of the footlights, he thought of that little girl whom he had wiled from her country home by lies.

"What are you thinking of, say?" asked the star, with a keen glance out of her big dark eyes.

He laughed. "I?—oh! nothing."

But the memory of the woman he had ruined remained with him all the time he was with the woman who intended to do her best to ruin him.

"Sort of keeping the balance even," she said it was.

* * * * * * *

Of course, it was only an accident. The chauffeur was not to blame in the slightest. The woman seemed to have deliberately thrown herself in the way of the car, and though he had applied the brakes, nothing could prevent the catastrophe.

It was only a woman, presumably of the class to which there is much mock pity and very real contempt, and a millionaire's motor-car, that came into collision abruptly, and the woman suffered.

She had suffered earlier in her career at the hands of the car's owner.

Possibly the car was kinder than the man, for it killed her outright, and the man had only wounded her womanhood!

No one connected the dead woman with the chauffeur. And he was free from her and her reproaches now.

He would never again be troubled with her pitiful ways, her eyes and soft pitiful demands.

He looked round fearfully. What was that? His heart stood still. His warm luxurious room was empty. Had she spoken? Did she speak?

No, it was only his conscience! It was only a woman, presumably of the class for whom

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Some of my readers may have heard of Milo, the famous strong man of Croton, in ancient Italy, and though most of his feats are probably fabulous, there is something to be learned even from these stories of him.

"By carrying calves, Milo, 'tis said, grew strong,
Until with ease he bore a bull along."

Those lines contain a very useful motto for the physical culturist, and it is important to realise that showy feats of strength cannot be achieved without much previous practice.

If you try to run before you can walk, you are liable to come a nasty cropper, and perhaps permanently to injure some organ of the body.

At the beginning, whatever exercises you undertake must be of such a kind as to be suitable to your natural physique. In this way you can usually tune yourself up to more strenuous exercises, and ultimately, if you stick to it, to feats of strength such as one sees on the stage or as performed by the "star" man in the gymnasium or club.

A rope is liable to break when a sudden strain is put upon it with a jerk; whereas if the strain had been put on it gradually and increased little by little, it would probably have stood a much more searching test.

So with the body and with the mind which is so dependent upon the body. Don't bite off more than you can chew.

If you are in training for an athletic event, don't start off by trying yourself over the full course or under the actual conditions of the contest. Work up to it gradually as all sensible athletes do.

"Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend."

Even Milo, according to the story, who started so well with the calf-carrying business, bit off more than he could chew in the end, and tried his strength at splitting a tree that proved too strong for him and gripped him in its trunk.

A CRICKET EXERCISE.

I have given before some exercises which are derived from various games and sports, and here is another which will bring some of the benefits of cricket into the bedroom.

The action here to be imitated is that of a batsman making a smart hit to leg.

The starting position, however, is not that of the batsman at the wicket, but erect, with the legs apart and the hands by the sides.

For the whole body.

Now clench the fists, turn the body sharply to the left, bend the left knee, straighten the right leg, and strike round to the left with both arms as if they were holding a bat. The head must, of course, turn with the body.

Then return smartly to the starting position, and relax the muscles of the arms, all of which should have been tensed while the stroke was being made.

The exercises may then, if desired, be repeated to the right. But, of course, such a stroke could not be actually made in cricket, nor anything like it.

This is a splendid exercise for suppling the muscles and exercising the whole body simultaneously and moderately.

SUGGESTIONS.

A number of readers have written to me recently offering suggestions or asking questions on various points. The latter I have answered to the best of my ability through the post where an addressed envelope was enclosed, or through the Brief Replies column.

I beg to thank these readers for the kind things most of them have said about this page, and am always glad to have suggestions for its improvement from those interested in physical culture.

A SIMPLE LEG DEVELOPER.

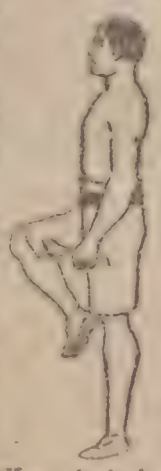
Stand erect with the shoulders forced back and chest out, and the hands lightly clenched by the sides.

Raise the right leg to the position shown in the sketch, with the right heel almost touching the left knee and the right foot pointing to the ground.

Now slowly straighten the right leg without altering the position of the thigh, until the leg is extended horizontally in front of you.

Then return the leg slowly to the position of the sketch and finally lower it to the ground.

Repeat the exercise with the other leg, and continue it four or five times with each leg, without altering the position of the body.



Keep the body erect.

The exercise will have a great effect in developing the legs, especially the thighs, for not only the leg that is extended will be deriving the benefit, but the leg that remains on the ground will be greatly exercised by the effort of keeping the balance.

A WAIST EXERCISE.

For this exercise you will need the walking-stick that has been used so often before.

Grasp the stick with both hands about eighteen inches apart, and let it rest against the thighs, the feet being separated and the body erect.

Raise the stick smartly overhead, at the same time taking a step to the left front with the left foot, and throwing the chest out and the head back.

Twist as far round as possible.

Now bend the body forward and to the right, bringing the stick down until it touches the front of the right shin as far below the knee as possible.

Force the body well round to the right as you bend, and get as far round as you can without shifting the position of the legs.

Raise the stick overhead once more and straighten the body, then draw back the left foot and drop the hands to the starting position.

Repeat this exercise ten times, and then go through the same process, twisting to the left and advancing the right foot, and repeat this also ten times.

This exercise will help to develop a variety of muscles, including those of the legs and hips, and the chest, shoulders, and abdomen.

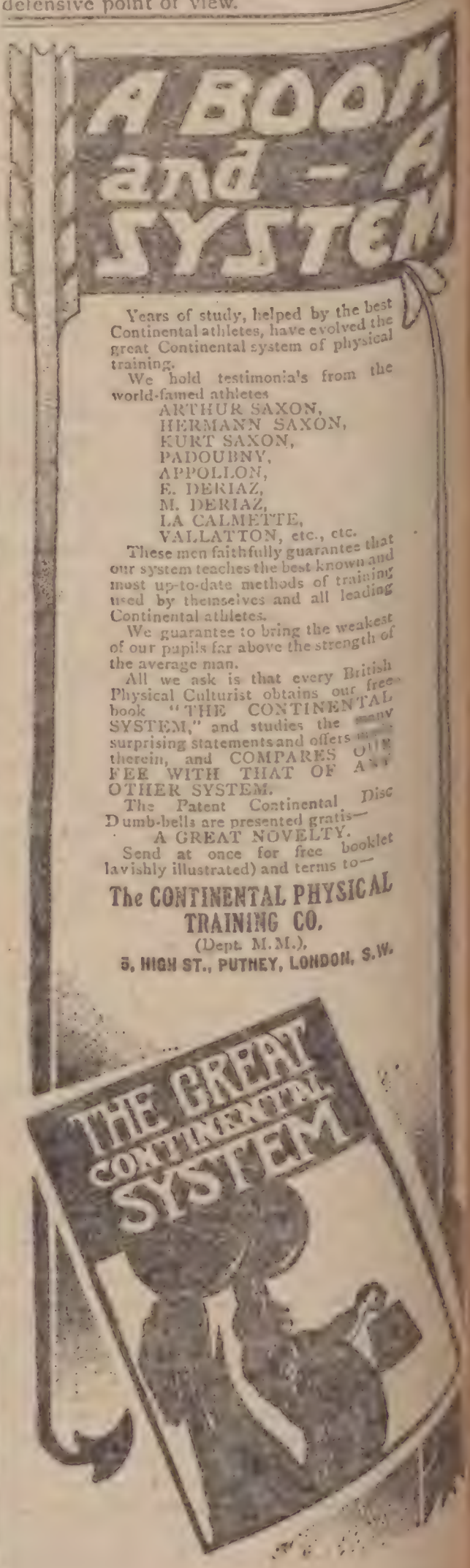
DRILL AND HEIGHT.

I was interested to learn from some ... the other day that of all classes of boys ... Kingdom, telegraph boys are the best grown ... their age.

This the writer ascribed solely to the fact ... so many of them were drilled by means ... various corps and other institutions of which ... of them are members. And I have no d... he was right.

Thanks to conscription, the men of Con... nations are gradually equalling the natural ... the Briton, and the average French... instance, is no longer the little man that we ... to ten picture him to be.

Could there be any stronger proof of ... desirability of military drill or of exercises re... bling it, from a physical and not merely ... defensive point of view.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HIGH HONOURS FOR DISCOVERER OF INFALLIBLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE'S GRATITUDE.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S APPRECIATION OF SCIENTIFIC SKILL.

PAIN INSTANTLY RELIEVED.

At the recent Medical Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, was exhibited for the first time in England one of the greatest advances in medical science for many years—viz., an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c., and instantaneous pain reliever. English physicians were not slow in showing their unqualified approval of, and the interest in, the new discovery, and the hearty recommendations they have extended to it in a comparatively short time demonstrate the great importance and value which medical men here attach to this magnificent remedy. As it supplies the urgent want of a genuine benefactor—in fact, proves "a friend in need"—a splendid reception by the suffering public may be taken for granted.

WHAT MEDICAL SCIENCE ACHIEVED.

The grateful thanks of sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, &c., and of those afflicted with pain are due to Dr. Scheuble, M.D., of Vienna, who has given to suffering humanity the benefit of his genius after long researches in the field of medical science. He has set himself the task of utilising the most effective elements known to medical science for dissolving and expelling uric acid from the system, and for the immediate relief of pain in such a manner as to free them from their harmful qualities, while yet retaining all their curative properties in a more pronounced degree. This new-discovered element is named "Samol." In addition to boasting the above-named qualities—that is to say, the most powerful agencies, embodied in a most gentle and refined combination of an ointment—"Samol" possesses also vastly increased penetrating powers, so that the uric acid deposits in the system cannot fail to be reached by this highly absorbable element, whose tremendous dissolving powers play havoc with the poisonous matter in the human system. "Samol" is equally effective in allaying inflammation and irritation.

By combining the elements in the manner above described—elements the value and importance of which have long been known to the medical world—Dr. Scheuble accomplished the seemingly impossible, and for this he received the highest award from the Academy of Science at Vienna; he further received a unique recognition from the Emperor of Austria for his scientific skill.

All sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c., may now congratulate themselves upon having at their disposal a means which will enable them to successfully combat one of the most dreaded and refractory enemies of the human anatomy. For immediately "Samol" is applied to the painful parts the pain will be relieved, and repeated application will free the system from all poisonous matter, which causes such complaints as Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

Dr. Scheuble, the Discoverer of the Infallible Cure for Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

IMPORTANT DATA FOR SUFFERERS.

Latest researches in medical science have revealed and established the fact that Uric Acid plays an important part in heart and brain affections through Sclerosis (hardening) of the arteries. Though no immediate harm in this respect can befall the sufferer, every effort should nevertheless be made to have the Uric Acid expelled from the system as speedily as possible, in order to check any aggravation of the evil in time, and thus prevent a chronic condition, which is reflected by premature old age and evidenced by a short span of life.

Great efforts have been made in trying to rid the blood and system of the Uric Acid poisons by administering different kinds of medicine internally, but of little avail. It must, therefore, be a source of great satisfaction to sufferers to know that even those cases which are in the most advanced and refractory stages can now be successfully treated, and that fatal consequences, and thereby anxiety and alarm can be warded off, and longevity attained.

MAGNIFICENT RECORDS OF THE NEW DISCOVERY.

It is common knowledge that it is exceedingly difficult for new specifics to gain admission to medical circles and hospitals, and the refusal of recognition is in nearly all cases justified on account of the quack nature of such preparations. But in the case of "Samol" the highest distinctions awarded to the discoverer have formed the best and most desirable letters of introduction to the public and the medical profession, who extended to it the enthusiastic welcome which it heartily deserves on account of its highly-approved merits and value.

"Samol" is prescribed in all hospitals in Austria-Hungary, and by the leading medical professors and physicians on the Continent.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Rub the ointment gently into the affected part, when the pain will at once disappear. At the same time the Uric Acid dissolving elements will enter the system and neutralize the poisonous matter, which is eliminated from the body in the ordinary course of secretion. Repeated application will ultimately rid the system from Uric Acid and other extraneous deposits, and thus procure full restoration to perfect health.

A UNIQUE APPEAL AND CHALLENGE

is hereby made to all sufferers to verify the remarkable statements made above, and to satisfy themselves of the magnificent curative properties of "Samol" by taking advantage of the following offer—viz., a convincing trial test tube for 1s. 1½d., post free. We can afford to abide by the issue, as we are confident as to your verdict.

In order to bring a trial supply of this marvellous cure within reach of everybody, we have made arrangements for the distribution of a limited number of the 1s. 1½d. tubes through the public Press. Those who wish to avail themselves of this unprecedented offer should apply at once, as it will be withdrawn as soon as the limited supply is exhausted.

"Samol" can be obtained in tubes at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each. The 2s. 9d. tube contains more than three, and the 4s. 6d. tube six times the quantity of a 1s. 1½d. tube of "Samol."

Full directions for use in all ailments and emergencies are enclosed with each tube.

Address your application, enclosing 1s. postal order and 1½d. in stamps, to the Selecta Manufacturing Company, 440, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London.

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Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
63423	C. W.	20	0	0
1084	"	9	0	0
5062	"	13	0	0
6014	"	8	0	0
9053	"	6	0	0
9148	"	18	0	0
9222	"	6	0	0
9287	"	22	18	4
9333	"	10	0	0
10177	"	6	10	0
10203	"	10	18	8
10340	"	15	10	0
11029	"	14	7	6
11022	"	15	2	3
11340	"	17	0	0
11525	"	22	0	0
12347	"	22	17	6
9376	"	33	0	0
9416	"	40	0	0
	Total ...	£309	4	3

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
360	J. J. C.	39	0	0
440	"	48	15	0
1029	"	33	15	0
1267	"	160	0	0
1511	"	6	10	0
1629	"	23	10	0
1735	"	14	2	0
1783	"	10	0	0
2615	"	6	5	0
8492	"	10	10	0
14572	"	15	0	0
	Total ...	£357	7	0

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
2318	H. M.	74	15	0
4091	"	24	0	0
4729	"	29	0	0
2944	"	8	0	0
5113	"	24	0	0
5147	"	12	0	0
6924	"	48	5	0
4097	"	8	0	0
4407	"	35	0	0
4765	"	12	0	0
13515	"	9	19	2
4398	"	28	0	0
	Total ...	£312	19	2

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
1301	G. S. M.	30	17	6
3072	"	39	12	9
3180	"	39	12	9
8639	"	33	0	0
8658	"	30	0	0
8751	"	25	0	0
8923	"	9	16	10
10226	"	11	12	6
10448	"	14	3	9
14182	"	21	10	0
	Total ...	£255	6	1

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
2254	J. W. M.	7	10	0
4171	"	8	0	0
4809	"	9	0	0
2862	"	17	0	0
5593	"	6	0	0
6105	"	8	0	6
6315	"	24	0	0
7208	"	18	0	0
7463	"	21	10	0
8093	"	14	0	0
9166	"	24	0	0
12802	"	19	10	0
	Total ...	£176	10	6

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
1647	C. J. W.	17	15	0
1916	"	27	0	6
2153	"	57	7	0
2609	"	145	0	0
3198	"	6	5	0
3612	"	18	0	0
3689	"	48	0	0
3800	"	43	10	0
4128	"	14	0	0
4316	"	31	0	0
4496	"	16	17	11
4688	"	22	0	0
4857	"	16	10	4
5224	"	62	10	0
2900	"	55	0	0
5325	"	13	6	0
6159	"	29	1	3
6244	"	38	7	0
6700	"	109	5	0
6922	"	100	0	0
7102	"	138	11	3
1356	"	41	5	0
7401	"	10	17	11
7521	"	25	12	0
	Total ...	£1,087	1	2

Business is Business.

But we do not ask you on the strength of these figures, or of any figures, to start business transactions with us. We desire that you will make investigation into the methods of our business first. An inquiry on the Form will bring a communication from us, giving you particulars of the System of Business, originated by us, which is so eminently successful in its financial results to Clients.

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We ask you to fill in the Coupon at side and post to us. We shall then be able to put our business to you in a practical way. You are under no obligation to do business with us, of course, if we do not convince you that our system of money-making is distinct from and superior to all others in similar businesses. If you wish to have the opportunity of making substantial sums with little or no outlay, liability limited, profits unlimited, Fill in and Post Coupon by return.

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M.M.
52.

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ADDRESS IN FULL .....
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(Please write distinctly.)

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DATE .....

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE ART OF HUSTLING.

"Might I have Saturday instead of ——?"

The request is made with some timidity, but underlying it there is an element of confidence, for the man making it knows his worth to his employer.

"Certainly," says his chief, "provided you get through with all your work on the Friday."

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday pass, each day filled with its own labours. The work that it was intended to get in hand for Friday still remains undone, and it is on Friday itself that the great hustle has to be made.

That is but one example. Many others will occur to you of your own, when a man wants, above all things, to understand the art of hustling properly.

It can be done, in spite of all that has been said by the writers of proverbs and other people who stress the advisability of hastening slowly.

The first and foremost point to remember is not to get into a fluster.

If you are finishing a letter and someone is standing beside you waiting to post it, it is probable that you will make some error either in regard to the enclosures, if there be any, or in regard to the addressing of the envelope. The knowledge that someone is waiting for that letter, and is standing overlooking you, upsets your nerve.

It is much the same when you are rushing through a quantity of work in order to catch a train or keep an appointment, and it is the same if during the Friday I have spoken of, you have constantly in mind the fact that you positively must get through your work.

A thought of this kind, a constant knowledge that much depends upon your getting through, and that you will feel great self-contempt if you fail, is like having a whip poised for ever above your naked shoulders; it is not a stimulant but a terror.

The right way to hustle is to sit down quietly for at least a quarter of an hour, and map out on a piece of paper, exactly, item for item, the things you have got to accomplish.

It is well to divide them up in actual time-table form, allowing half an hour for this, an hour for that, and so forth.

To avoid having your arrangements upset you must leave a margin of a quarter of an hour here and there, for in ordinary office work there are constant interruptions and many little things to be done that you have not reckoned upon, and they can be fitted in to those intervals you have allowed for such emergencies.

Unless you allow for these little extras, your programme is almost certain to be upset, however much you try to abide by it.

Working on a programme of this style, you can get through more quickly than you ever supposed to be possible. After all, half the day of the average worker is spent in thinking about what he is going to do next. There are certain things he knows have to be done, but they are not particularly pressing to tackle, and so he postpones them, soothing his business conscience by trying to persuade that the trifles he undertakes in their stead are equally useful.

It is different when you have a fixed programme to go by, for then you know exactly what has to be finished hour by hour, and there is no shirking it.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

AN INDUSTRIAL TRUST.

YIELDING 7 TO 7½ PER CENT.

I am repeatedly asked by correspondents, of comparatively small means, to advise an investment that will return them something appreciably better than the ordinary bank rate of interest on deposits. But I wish my readers would be a little more explicit as to their circumstances: whether they want to cork the money up or have it easily at disposal.

Japanese 4½ per cent. bonds—first or second series—are bearer stock, and therefore quite negotiable at any time, and 4½ per cent.—and perhaps a trifle over—is a little better than bank interest.

However, for those who want something better still, I give an Industrial Trust which I have this week forwarded a correspondent. The transaction, of course, can be given to any member of the Stock Exchange, and I shall give the name of a member of the "House" to any correspondent who desires such.

The particulars of the Industrial Trust yielding 7 to 7½ per cent. are appended:

Argentine Estates of Bovril 6 per cent. Participation Preference	20/-
Mansel Hunt 8 per cent. Preference	29/6
Fairbairn, Lawson, Combe Co. Ordinary	30/-
Hyderabad Deccan	2
D. H. Evans Ordinary	3
Field's Candle 7 per cent. Preference	15/-

W. K. (Barrowford).—I know of no book giving the fluctuations—that is every price during the day—of the principal stocks and shares for the last year or two, but I believe the National Share Exchange publish a book giving the highest and lowest prices of the principal securities for the last few years.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—R. M. (Glasgow).—You must expect a little more risk if you are getting 5, 6, or 7 per cent. for your deposit. A so-called bank of this kind has to employ the money in order to pay you such a rate of interest in a more speculative way than an ordinary bank.

CONSOLS.—A. J. W. (Cork).—(1) If you hold Consols at 87 by all means sell them if you are looking for a profit. (2) Molesworth Brothers Rubber Estate, Ltd., are good.

GERSON, HAMSON, & CO.—S. J. H. (Battersea). — You say you had dealings with these people, who have disappeared, and you are of opinion that you have "been swindled." But you had better let me have some documentary information before asking my opinion. You give no figures, and the statement you make is too sweeping for me to accept without such.

K. A. SMITH & CO.—R. N. (Bradford).—(1) I know nothing against them; but they are only in a small way. (2) Chartered have improved lately.

OPTION MONEY.—F. W. (Macclesfield). — Not returnable. You pay for the privilege of calling the shares at a profit. Vallambrosa Rubber (my tip in this column) which you bought, are, I believe, at the moment of writing 45, and you bought at 41, so you have made 4s. per share. When I advised Vallambrosa they were 38s. to 39s. A quick rise, indeed!

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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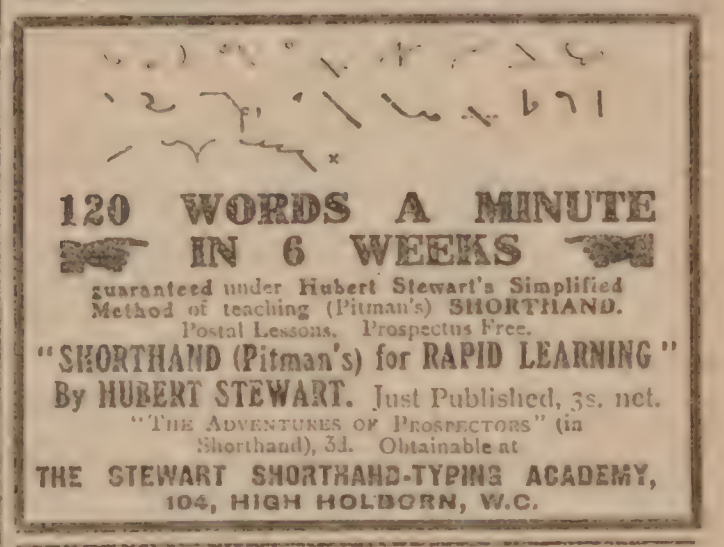
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Tom Burgess, Horseman

OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES. EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

By J. F. JAMESON.

IV.
GOING FOR THE GLOVES.

I.

With the approach of the Grand Steeplechase at Melton, Major Blakeney's stable, over which Tom Burgess presided, became all hissing, bustling, and general activity.

Burgess's lieutenant, one James Monk, had invested in a marvellous pair of light canvas leggings, that fitted his diminutive but well-made calves to some perfection, giving him all the appearance of those who "ride exercise" upon the heath at Newmarket, the ever-blessed.

Even Burgess caught himself absent-mindedly chewing straws in the most approved of horsey fashions. Also he was for ever dreaming of racing results, as printed in the sporting newspapers, racing results of the Grand Steeplechase at Melton, in which Sweet Simplicity held varying positions.

Sometimes she appeared among the "also ran," with "fell" bracketted after her name. Sometimes she was second. Sometimes she came home alone. Once Burgess was reading the complimentary terms of a paragraph under "Sporting Notes" concerning Sweet Simplicity's trainer. Then—alas! he woke up.

All these things, however, tend to show that there was praiseworthy keenness in the stable of Major Blakeney, and, above all, that the height of Tom Burgess's ambition was to win the Grand Steeplechase at Melton with Sweet Simplicity.

Thus, early mornings found Burgess exercising the hope of the Mannerbridge establishment—mile spins at racing pace—with James Monk jumping in half-way with Black Beauty to lead Sweet Simplicity as long as he could and then dropping back when the bay had put "paid" to the black's account.

After this Tom Burgess, no believer in coddling up horses, would take her over a country to keep her in jumping fettle, being careful, however, not to try anything that the mare could not fly without disturbing a twig.

Then—when the great day was but a week ahead—the Major sent a curt note down to the stables. His friend, Captain Wilderson, was bringing his Barringham, also a competitor for the Grand Steeplechase honours, to try against Sweet Simplicity at the weights allotted in the big race. The next morning had been fixed.

"Six-thirty a.m. *sharp*," the note concluded. "Leath, whom I have engaged to ride Sweet Simplicity at Melton, will have the mount upon her in the trial."

Burgess read the note and felt a little sorrowful.

Of course, he had known all along that a professional jockey would be engaged to ride the mare. Yet, somehow, he wished the Major might have accorded him the honour of steering her over the country in the trial.

Burgess returned the letter to his breast pocket. Then, crossing the yard, he opened Sweet Simplicity's box.

There was the sound of the head-rope running through the iron ring, and a joyous whinny. Burgess patted the mare's glossy neck.

"Never mind, old girl," he said. "Never mind; you'll take all the beating that all the bally Barringham can give you—whoever's on your back!"

After that, all that could be heard was the sound of a dandy brush very much in use, accompanied by much hissing and, occasionally, the lilting swing of a light refrain.

II.

The early morning saw the Major booted and spurred and at the stables, accompanied by the diminutive and very racy-looking Mr. Timothy Leath, steeplechase jockey.

Mr. Leath had come down to stables rigged in his trial-riding outfit.

After he had been weighed with the saddle, he cast a professional and critical eye over Sweet Simplicity, as Burgess led her out.

"Looks a good 'un," said he.

"*Is* a good 'un," Burgess observed.

The Major swung a leg over Black Beauty, and Burgess assisted the thin-faced Mr. Timothy Leath into the saddle, and mounted a chestnut hack himself.

Mr. James Monk, by kind permission of all concerned, followed on a brown cob, usually driven by the Major.

The course of the trial had been marked out over the country by flags, as in the case of a point-to-point.

Captain Wilderson, a gentleman who followed racing and took an interest in horses merely because they were a medium for betting, came up to the big pasture, which was the agreed starting point, by road and in a motor-car.

The Mannerbridge Hall party were waiting for him when he arrived. He coughed a husky "Good morning," and emerged from the tonneau of his car, looking, as Mr. James Monk put it, "as if he had been playin' cards all night and wanted match-sticks to keep his eyelids apart."

Whatever the truth of this hazard on Mr. Monk's part, the Captain was quite awake enough to curse his man for arriving late with the classically be-cloaked Barringham.

"Wish to gad," said the Captain to the Major, "that I'd engaged Leath before you! With all my heart I do. Come—he's used to my horses, Barringham in particular—a pony down to let him off his contract."

"Things can remain as they are," said the Major. "I'm here to see the trial. It ought to be instructive to both of us. As for Leath, remember the old saying—'A jockey cannot come along without the horse.'"

"Ah! You're adamant, I see, Major, and all you're going for is the honour of the thing, while, frankly, to me it's bread-and-butter."

The Captain took a draught from his flask.

"To a merry life," said he, "and as long a one as possible. After all a man's a hell of a time dead, Major, even if he does turn night into day, eh?"

"But this is early for you, Captain, and you know the proverb of the early bird."

"The early bird?" Captain Wilderson stuck his hands into his big coat pockets. "Ah, the early bird is a lucky devil, ain't he? All *I* shall catch, Major, will be a cold. Mark my words, a cold!"

"They're ready, I think," said Major Blakeney, who in the distance had seen Burgess take the top sheets off Sweet Simplicity.

The mare stood quiet as a lamb, and looked pretty as the proverbial paint in the early sunshine.

"Mine's not so good-looking," commented Captain wheezily; "but he can go, you know. And he takes somethin' more than a hairdresser to ride him, sir."

Barringham, who was dancing about on the springy turf, was clearly bearing out his owner's statement.

Mr. James Monk ably filled the office of Official Starter, and at flag-fall the two rivals got away well. Following the marked-out course, they stuck hard at their work, and the first time round they were still jumping together.

"Like a side-bet on the result?" queried the Captain. "Level pony mine wins."

"Good luck to him if he does, but I'm not betting," said the Major.

Now, he might have been wrong, but had he not, caught the Captain signalling to Leath as they passed them?

"Gad, it's a race!" exclaimed the Captain as they turned the bend in the run for home.

Burgess, standing by, forgot himself for a moment!

"And Sweet Simplicity can toddle it!" he shouted enthusiastically.

"She wins in a bloomin' walk!" Mr. Monk shrieked, waving the winning post.

For a little while the group lost sight of the horses as they galloped, pulling hard, down over the plough. Now they had cleared the fence and—Barringham was leading!

"Barringham does it," said the Major colourlessly, as he shut up his glasses.

"By gosh he does!" Burgess faltered. "I'd have laid m' life——"

Whatever Tom Burgess would have staked his life upon was interrupted by the passing of the Barringham, who cantered in two lengths ahead of Sweet Simplicity.

"Got done in the last two furlongs!" he shouted to the Major, as he galloped past.

The Captain essayed to light a cigarette, but the vesta in trembling fingers.

"Now, Major," he wheezed, "you'll let me have Leath? It's not an atom of use running your mare in the Grand Steeplechase—to tell you the truth she's the only one I feared."

"One moment, Captain," said the Major. He had caught an expressive glance from Tom Burgess, who now was running to hold the mare while the jockey dismounted.

Barringham, dripping and blown, stood near, not a kick left in him.

Burgess, leading the mare, met the Major half way.

"Sir," he said, "she's not turned a hair. I believe she could have won by ten lengths—if she hadn't been *held!*"

"That's what I think," said the Major. "Lead up, lad, and ride her home at once. Leave me to deal with the Captain."

The Major returned in leisurely fashion to the group, catching up Mr. Timothy Leath as he walked.

"Shouldn't run her, sir," Leath confided to the Major.

Major Blakeney said nothing. He merely grasped Leath rather tightly by the arm.

"Wot the 'ell——" began Mr. Leath, protestingly.

"Be quiet, or I'll *break* your arm!" said Major Blakeney calmly, but with precision.

"Captain Wilderson," said he, when he reached that pale and much-overcoated gentleman, "I want Leath. I don't want your pony, but I release him of his contract here and now!"

"Then you're not running Sweet Simplicity," observed the Captain. "Sensible man—sensible man."

"On the contrary, her number will be up, frame, bar accidents, at Melton, Captain!"

There was ill-disguised anger in the Major's accents.

"You're gettin' in a temper, surely," said Captain Wilderson. "Really, Major, I thought that in the Army one learned to take a beating

"Wilderson," said the Major quietly, "it strikes me that you may have to benefit by that lesson at Melton!"

The Captain stepped into his car.

"And the name of your champion jockey who is to beat Timothy Leath on Barringham, Major?" he asked, a little derisively. "Really I cannot understand such generosity on your part."

The Major untethered his horse.

"My jockey? By this time," said he, "he is probably *rubbing down* Sweet Simplicity in her box! His name is Tom Burgess—and at my service!"

III.

"James!" Burgess was donning silk in the Jockeys' Room at Melton, the Major's "red and black laved." "James!"

"Hallo!" said Mr. Monk, wearily. He was looking out through the window upon the changing scene in the paddock. The runners for the Grand Steeplechase were being led round in the saddling enclosure. The Major was in deep conversation with one of the Stewards. The roar of the ring was happily modified by distance.

"I was going to ask you, James, if you would mind giving me one *hard* in the chest or somewhere. Those punches of yours wouldn't have scratched a fly. I'm not going to wake up in a minute, am I, and find that even the trial has not been run, that Leath has not been deposed, that I'm not really to ride Sweet Simplicity?"

"Well, once and for all, Burgess," Mr. Monk braced a muscular arm. "On the distinct understanding that there's to be *no* retaliation," he added cautiously.

Burgess stood square and nodded.

His lieutenant hit him fairly on the shoulder upon the red silk, and Burgess's black cap went flying.

"Let that settle it!" said Mr. Monk testily. "And there's the saddling bell, so come along."

The bell rang out with a joyous note. Burgess, the last jockey to leave the room, walked ont, trying to look as used to it all as possible.

His name chalked on the blackboard in the entrance further proved the reality. Burgess watched the Major girthing up the saddle on Sweet Simplicity.

Timothy Leath had already drawn the reins through his fingers and taken a professional seat upon Barringham, who had cleared a respectful ring round him by repeated lashings out.

"All you've to do, Burgess," were the Major's final instructions, "is to see that brute doesn't kick the mare at the start. Then—well, in my opinion, she has only to stand up to win and the race is——"

"Only a matter of form, sir," said Burgess cheerily.

It was Mr. James Monk who bore the honour of leading the mare to the paddock exit.

"Make it a *reversal* o' form, for heaven's sake," he added. "I've got a half a thick 'un on her at eights, but the knowing ones have made her favourite now. Bettin's five to two the field. The Major's only got a fancy fiver on her, but 'tween you an' me, his Miss Dellin's on a dozen pairs o' Fownes' English make to nothin'."

"Far be it from me to do a lady out of her gloves," said Tom, and holding in the mare, who was full of spirit and in fine fettle, he rode as quickly as possible down to the start.

"Off!"

Even in the distance the heartfelt ejaculation from the stands thrilled Burgess as, gripping the saddle the tighter with his keees, he got clear of Barringham and the others. Then keeping a firm hold on his mount he let her out judiciously.

The first fence topped clear!

He caught a glimpse of Barringham coming over with him.

Riding cautiously he negotiated the second fence a little behind his rival. Apparently there was nothing else in the race.

For several fences he hunted Mr. Timothy Leath who obligingly made a way for him over the brush—a great assistance to a novice in a race.

They passed the stands for the first time. It was Mr. James Monk who yelled out "Those gloves!" above the babble of tongues.

Now to let her out!

Burgess loosened rein and proceeded to catch up Barringham.

One—two—three fences he topped—the intervening galloping being naught but a blurr of green turf.

Two fences from home Burgess caught a glimpse of the stands, and, leading Barringham over the first fence, he raced for home, riding with all his heart, all his soul, and all his strength.

At the last fence he heard a confused roar from the stands. Something black seemed to be enveloping him. Then he distinctly caught the words "He's clear!" as he reached *terra firma*, Sweet Simplicity still "standing up."

Calling on the mare to go on now, he gave her the merest flick of his whip.

The winning-post passed in a flash.

He saw some hats flung high.

The next thing he realised was that James Monk was yelling to him—yelling and running.

"You've won those gloves by streets, boy!" he shouted. "Stop, damn ye, stop. The Major's waitin' at the paddock gate to lead ye in!"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

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Strike out words not wanted. Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.

THE IDOL OF A YEOMANRY SQUADRON.

Chic

That she dazzled all of us, there is but little doubt. I believe all the members of our particular squadron of Yeomanry were "dead gone" on her, from the captain to little Markham the trumpeter.

Market days were pleasant days for us, because "Chic" always drove up to the town in her father's high dogcart—and it was really wonderful what a lot of attention her horse came in for. Her father, an excellent Roast-Beef-of-Old-England sort of farmer, must have wondered why he became so popular with all the young men of Wintersham.

As each of his daughters were pig-tailed and long-skirted in front, the more of a favourite he grew. But most of his popularity was due to Chic—Chic, who would give us a sporting little nod, just as reserved as it ought to be, and so tantalising that by various methods of raising our hats or caps we tried to infuse a warmth into the courtesy, and thus draw a more serious smile from her.

Only two of us really succeeded in doing it. One was George Jeremy, corporal in our squadron; the other, my friend Bob.

We missed Jeremy from our usual early Sunday morning rides-out, and, strangely enough, Bob insisted upon leaving us across country, in the direction of Calcott Hall, where Chic's father resided and farmed some four hundred or so good acres.

We flushed our quarry around the outhouse buildings, quaffing a glass of beer. Chic was patting the horse's neck. She looked fetching in her white apron and linen cooking-sleeves. A mob-cap made up a very pretty picture, and the background of ancient Elizabethan-period structure, the quaint gables, the mullioned windows, added to the old-world charm.

We were all sporting enough to consider this a pleasant scene—excepting my friend Bob.

George Jeremy was not pleased to see us, and asked sarcastically the whereabouts of the rest of the squadron.

"Hang it, George," said Bob, "a man cannot always be soldiering! Er—other things claim their share, you know."

He looked so pointedly at Chic that, promising to send us a glass of ale by the maid, she lightly bade us all good-morrow and returned to her cooking of the Sunday dinner, leaving us lamenting.

I remember that the ride back to Wintersham that day was not an over-pleasant journey. Both Bob and George were redder than the exercise warranted, both went for unnecessarily big jumps, and, miraculously, neither of them came off.

I felt quite sorry that Chic was not there to see these heroes who dared such things—and so unnecessarily, too. But when Cupid is a-horse, I believe that he fears no fence, no obstacle, no fall.

Thus things progressed very unsatisfactorily for both Bob and George until the night of the Yeomanry ball was fixed and invitations issued.

Both Bob and George begged for the honour of sending Chic a ticket, both offered to drive her home—and both were refused. It was kind of them, but Chic had a cousin living in the town who would see to all those things and look after her, if we would get him an invitation.

Frankly, we were not friendly with Cousin Henry, who "barred" horses and "couldn't stand beastly dogs, which either messed up one's clothes with their dirty feet or insisted upon licking one's face." He was an excellent salesman in a draper's shop, and useless for all else. However, we had to get him that invitation.

There is no denying that our squadron had their full share of Chic. Bob, by a spin of the coin, won the honour of asking for the supper-dance, and George, by similar arrangement, commandeered the last waltz and the extras. It was a night of nights for the squadron, and there were fights to get into Chic's sets, Alberts, lancers, or quadrilles.

Then came the blow. "Cousin Henry" took her to his home, where her aunt was ready to receive her, we understood.

Heavily becloaked, we who admired Chic walked out into the early dawn of morning. Bob and George were silent. We could only get one thing out of them.

She was going away! But she would write them both.

"By postcard," George added, heavily.

It appeared that she was going to keep house at a Berkshire farm for her uncle.

"Lucky Berkshire!" was Bob's comment.

Two days later I met George. He was jubilant. He showed me a picture postcard that bore the photograph of a lady riding to hounds.

I was even permitted to read the miraculous words that had made him such a happy man that day.

"Went for a ride this morning," it ran. "Thought of you.—CHIC."

Knowing that I had never been in the running, I was not averse to congratulating him, nor did he hesitate to crack a small bottle over the event in the smoking-lounge of our best hotel.

His face was the very embodiment of triumph. It was marvellous to note how those few words had lightened his life.

"Poor old Bob!" he permitted himself to remark. "Poor old Robert!"

I felt that his pity was simply fine.

He told me that, of course, he should hesitate to follow up his advantage.

He should try his utmost to get a job on a Berkshire farm, and perhaps, when he officially won the Chic Stakes, he might buy a farm down in Berkshire, and, incidentally, transfer to the Yeomanry there.

"Chic is nothing," he said, "if not a man's girl in every sense of the term!"

I agreed with him. Then Bob entered an after-dinner glass of beer.

He made an excuse to call me aside, and he produced a postcard. It was a picture of a different lady upon his card, who was apparently flying a post and rails.

"Read it, boy," said Bob.

It was but a brief message, and its words were:

"Went for a ride this morning. Thought of you.—CHIC."

I cannot say exactly how long ago it was since the Chic Stakes (as George put it) were decided as follows:

Cousin Henry, by Personal Persuasion of Draper's Shop .....

Also ran: George and Bob (fell together)

F. C. HARRISON.

GOOD POSITIONS

can always be found for men with Special Ability. There are hundreds of men with Special Aptitude for a certain class of work who are in positions where that Aptitude has no scope, and is accordingly not appreciated or properly paid for. We want such men. If you are one of them, and can prove that you are capable of filling a Responsible Position, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

WHY SO FEW MOUSTACHES?

It is an indisputable fact—even if anyone wished to dispute it, which isn't likely—that the greater proportion of men nowadays are clean-shaven. Why is this?

What we may call the earlier Edwardian era is decidedly characterised by smoothly-shaven chin and upper lips, in direct contrast to the moustaches that prevailed when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and when silky moustaches and carefully-trained side-whiskers were the proud mark of virile manhood.

No doubt, the real underlying reason why few men wear moustaches nowadays is that this is the age of business life; and that the keynote of business success is neatness in appearance and in the ordering of one's work.

Consequently many men who would in the ordinary way grow a moustache, object to the "period of incubation," as it were, when hair is less than one-eighth of an inch in length and their upper lips look disreputable. This theory is backed up by a fact which is easily verified.

When a man is on, say, a fortnight's holiday you will often find him shave only his chin and allow the shyly emerging hair to appear on his upper lip. But no sooner is he in town again and at the office on the following day, than out comes the ruthless razor, and the adolescent moustache is cut off in the flower of its youth.

THE FLY SEASON.

No doubt the minds of most readers, at sight of the above deceptive title, will turn to the gaudy-hued flies which at this season delight the angler's heart; but I am not alluding to them. The mournful business of this paragraph is to herald the arrival of the season when flies are everywhere, hovering about over the sugar-bowl, minutely inspecting your bacon and eggs at breakfast, and indulging in a species of roller-skating down the parting in your hair, which you have just taken so much trouble.

Flies make most men "mad," as our American cousins say, especially the cerulean-hued gentry of athletic build, who dance about behind the window curtains all day, and, with their monotonous buzzing, effectually prevent work.

But if you rise in your wrath, and smack at them with a napkin or towel, see that the latter is not wet, or the results to the window will be disastrous. The present writer will never forget the torrent of language poured out by his irate landlady when he once broke the bathroom window, the result of a too vigorous onslaught on a fly-bottle with a wringing wet Turkish towel.

Many suggestions have been made as to the best means of exterminating flies, but the only method proved by experience is to have plenty of fly-papers in convenient places.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

F. R. SAINTY ("Ivor," Minorca Road, Weybridge) wants to get in touch with someone in his locality who is keen on boxing, rowing, and sport generally.

R. D. (Sale).—Sorry we can't send you the original drawing you ask for. We withdrew our offer some time ago, and there are still many applications waiting to be dealt with.

M. M. A. (Birmingham).—Get a cycling map that shows the best roads in one colour and the second best in another. It should also indicate dangerous hills. Any bookseller will supply you.

W. P. H. (Manchester). — Don't worry about what you read in the paper to which you refer. It lives on sensationalism. If we have evidence put before us proving bad faith on the part of any advertiser, we promptly refuse to insert his advertisement.

A. G. M. (Dover). — You can obtain a good Morse key such as you require for practice in signalling for 4s. 6d. from Messrs. James Brown and Son, 52, Darnley Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

G. W. (Wallsend).—Certainly you can increase your height by going in for stretching exercises, but you shouldn't worry about it. You say you are only eighteen; you will probably grow six inches in the next three years if you take plenty of outdoor exercise, live straight, and eat good grub.

H. S. (Dunston).—To secure a job on a farm, advertise in your local papers, or in the papers circulating in any country you may have a special fancy for. If you make it perfectly plain that no wages are expected for the first six months, and that you are able-bodied and willing to work hard, you will have plenty of replies.

B. R. (Peckham) — and others. — Please don't make any more comments on the supplement the Editor gave away with the birthday number. He is tired of hearing that he looks young for his job. It was a rotten photograph—a snapshot taken by an amateur in the country as a matter of fact—but it had to be rushed through somehow.

A. C. (Manchester) informs us that "since I joined the M.M. League I have met some of the finest men it is possible to meet. It is a great advantage, when you do not know anyone at a place, to have someone to introduce you all round, and you are pretty sure of finding such a one if you belong to the League." We quite agree.

P. A. EDWARDS, 24, Barnsbury Grove, London, N., wants to hear from readers in that district who will join him in forming a running club.

S. D. (Carnarvon).—Much amused to read that cutting from your local paper condemning football. We do have some cranks about.

W. P. (Liverpool).—If you go in much for swimming, your hair will need special attention. Keep it short, so that you can dry it easily and thoroughly when you come out of the water. Sprinkle a few drops of paraffin on it before brushing it in the morning.

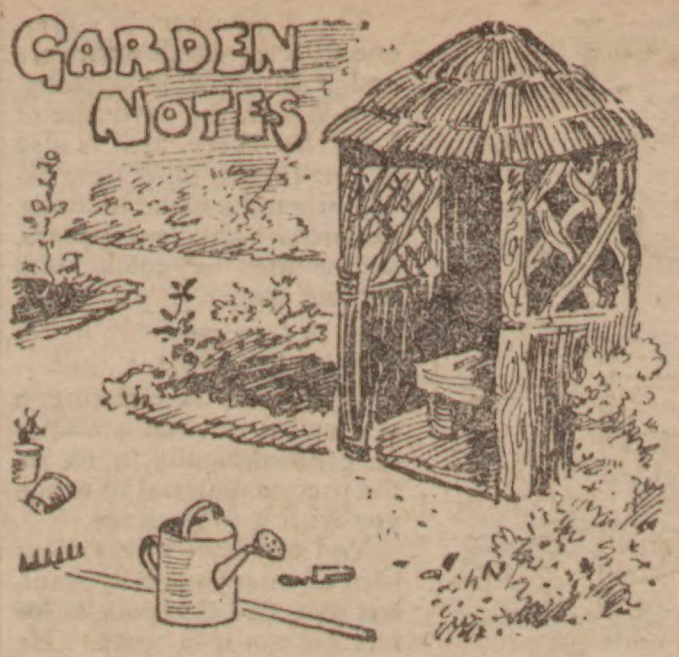
D. HOWE, 58, Ludlow Street, C.-on-M., Manchester, wants to find a friend who is keen on physical culture.

A. M. (Belfast).—We agree with you that the time is ripe for the expansion of the Territorial movement in Ireland. Probably new regiments will be established as soon as funds are available.

R. T. (Hull).—Don't attempt to re-proof your overcoat at home; send it back to the makers. Rainproof coats frequently lose their waterproof qualities after being submitted to the process of dry-cleaning.

E. COX, 7, Meynell Street, Sneinton, Nottingham, wants to know who published "The Rake's Progress." The dramatic rights, we believe, belong to Miss Ida Rene.

D. J. D. (Tonypandy). **H. G. H.** (London, N.W.), **E. H.** (Wood Green), **B. J.** (Minston), **G. C. R.** (Montreal), **J. F.** (Ipswich), **H. D.** (Twickenham), **A. B.** (Swindon), **R. M.** (Dumfries).—Many thanks, and the best of luck to you.



HINTS FOR THE TOWN GARDENER.

The number of plants that can be grown in the town or suburban garden is painfully limited, but among the most suitable perennials and biennials are the carnation, the pink, and the sweet william and others of that tribe.

The carnation, of which good, strong, named varieties can be obtained at anything from half a crown a dozen upwards, may be planted out in March or April in a fine spell of weather.

They require a well-drained soil, which must be free from wire-worms. If the soil seems too heavy, it may be dug out to a depth of two or three feet, and rubble put in for draining. Some old cow-manure—not horse-dung—should be mixed with the soil when it is being replaced.

Soot, broken shells and bone meal may all be worked into the soil with advantage.

In May the branches must be staked, and when the buds look like bursting their calyx, they should be secured by a thin rubber band or with worsted, so that the flower may keep its shape.

Carnations may be grown successfully from seed, but it is advisable for the inexperienced gardener to start with plants bought from a reliable nurseryman. After the first crop has flowered, he may raise more plants from his own seed, or by the simple process of layering them. But the time of year for that is not yet.

* * * * * * *

It is not a bad plan at this time of year to set to work on some corner of the garden and remodel it, so as to make a complete change in its appearance, and there is no better way of doing this effectively than to make a small rockery out of whatever materials you have to hand.

If you have natural stone available, the task is easy, but failing this cement and clinkers, or even old bricks, make a very fair substitute.

The base of the rockery may be composed of rubble or ashes, and a load of street-sweepings comes in very useful. Avoid straight lines and regularity of form, and arrange the rockery roughly in shelves, but be careful to allow for drainage, and avoid "bowls" in which water will settle and stagnate.

When you have built your foundation, and filled the interstices with soil, comes the interesting task of clothing the rockery with suitable plants. Alpine plants will prove most suitable, and offer a great variety to choose from. They will be found classified in any nurseryman's catalogue.

Mosses and lichens, too, will be especially necessary to cover the artificial "rocks" in a town rockery, and white arabis, purple aubrietia, dwarf nasturtiums, sweet alyssum, "creeping jenny," and similar cheap and quick-growing plants will very speedily convert that corner of your garden into a luxuriant mass of tangled green.

If ferns are planted, let them be of the smaller varieties, so that they do not dominate and overshadow everything else, and avoid the commoner kinds that look more at home in a wayside ditch than in a well-kept garden.

C. B. STAINER.

FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF SPORT.

BY

THOMAS INCH.

It was the day before yesterday when Physical Culture meant only the making of abnormally strong men. To-day it has a practical meaning for golfers, cricketers, hockey players, billiard players, riflemen, cyclists, footballers—in fact, for everybody who indulges in sport of any description, in any pursuit demanding a healthy body and a clear eye and mind. You may have felt the need for Physical Culture (to-day's meaning, please), even if you have not actually discovered that it is that which is necessary. Have you not found that the game you follow develops particular parts of the body to the detriment of other parts? Do you not find yourself unequal to the exercise involved in your favourite sport?

An investigation of my system of Physical Culture will show you that under my direction every limb and muscle in the body is brought to the proper standard of development. Of course, I pay attention to the demands of any particular pursuit, and am well qualified to do so from practical experience of many sports. But you will see what help to you a normal course of Physical Culture would be if you read my booklet, "HEALTH AT HOME," accompanied by terms for my course of home training, which will be sent, post free. My address is THOMAS INCH, Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.), The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W.

When a pupil enrols with me he is retaining the services of a man fitted by training and experience to help him obtain maximum results, and who will plan and work for him with unbiassed mind, and with all the energy and ability he possesses to make the enrolment a tremendous success. This is the way I serve all pupils. It is the way I would serve you, for I recognise fully that each successful pupil is the best possible advertisement I can have, and this is why so many of my pupils have made records, and are in fact making money out of Physical Culture. I do not hand your case to a clerk to deal with, and I am not in the business solely for money getting. My heart is in my work, and it is a pleasure to handle each case. The more difficult the case, the greater the pleasure.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TO KEEP THE CAP IN SHAPE.

The fashionable pattern of cap, which is a modification of the "motor-cap" with its large flat top, has a tendency, especially if it be rather small for the head, to assume a very distorted appearance when it is being worn. The top sags down at the sides and gets drawn tight at the back, while the peak is apt to become arched in the middle.

There is a simple little remedy for this, to be obtained from most outfitters, in the shape of a narrow piece of steel or wire, which can be bent into a circle, so that the two ends fit into a socket.

This is inserted in the circular top of the cap, and keeps it stretched in its proper shape, and at the same time it makes the "bulge" created by the top of the head less conspicuous and unsightly.

The simple contrivance is easily made by yourself if necessary, with a piece of ordinary wire. When this is fixed to the right size it cannot fall out, as it will be considerably larger than the band of the cap.

Another thing that helps to keep the cap in shape is the hook which fastens the overlapping top of the cap to the peak in front.

The cheaper kinds of cap are made with this permanently sewn down. Although one rarely wants to separate this over-lapping roll and the peak, it is advisable to insist on the hook-and-eye fastening, since it appears to be stronger than the permanent stitch.

In putting the cap carelessly on the head one usually puts the back on first and pulls the cap forward, and in this way the cotton is broken and the top of the cap sticks up in front.

STOCK TIES.

I remember referring last year to the stock bow tie, which is built on the same plan as the hunting stock, and goes twice round the neck.

It was then something of a novelty—a revival of a fashion that was popular with our grandfathers.

I observe, however, that the stock bow is gaining popularity this year. I have been told by a leading London outfitter that the demand for them is enormous, and I have observed several in the streets.

The usual price is half a crown, and they are an excellent investment for the man who wants something a little out of the common. They are only to be recommended, however, to one who has fairly regular features.

HOW DO THEY GET THE NAMES.

Have you ever noticed the inappropriateness of the names usually given to men's collars?

Why they should require names it is not easy to see, for one would have thought that the maker's name and the general style—"double," "wing," "military," and so on—would have been sufficient distinction.

As it is, however, we find that the "Prince of Wales" collar is a double collar of more than usual height, which His Royal Highness not only does not choose to wear, but could not with any comfort if he would.

The "Chamberlain" collar is, I believe, a plain military "stick-up," whereas the distinguished statesman whose name it bears is in the habit of wearing a turned-down collar with almost exaggerated points.

The "Rosebery" collar, one with turned-down points and a rather wide opening, is, it is true, the favourite of Lord Rosebery, as it is also of the Prince of Wales, except when the naval uniform, in which he so often appears, necessitates a collar with pointed corner.

CHOOSING CLOTH.

When one is ordering a new suit it is often a matter of great difficulty to fix on the precise material of which you wish it to be made.

You may have a very clear idea of what you really want, but may find that your tailor has not got it in stock. He will, of course, have something that is "much better," and would "suit your figure admirably," but if it is not just what you are looking for it is best to steel your heart at once, and try to find the exact thing somewhere else.

If your tailor is an obliging one he will, in many cases, go out of his way to get the material you prefer. It is, of course, impossible for a tailor in a small way of business to keep a large stock of cloth, and the manufacturer who supplies him may not make the particular one you have set your heart on.

In all shopping it is a sound rule not to take anything that is "just as good." You will never be really satisfied with it, and if you look long enough, you can usually find what you want.

Personally I generally choose a rough-faced cloth in preference to a smooth one, especially for a dark suit or black morning coat. The smooth cloth, even when new, has a tendency to look as if it had become shiny through long wear.

Moreover, in a rough cloth a tailor can usually give you a better fit than he can in a thin one, and although in a thin cloth a really well-developed man looks his best, a rougher material can almost always give an added appearance of muscularity.

In almost every case, unless you are prepared to pay a heavy price for a special article, perhaps with an admixture of silk, you can get more wear out of a cloth with a rough surface than out of a smooth one, quite apart from the respective weights. The suit will keep its shape better, and can be cleaned more than once.

CREASING THICK TROUSERS.

If you have your suit made of thick material, you will probably find it very difficult to crease the trousers in the approved manner.

You may put them in your trouser press and ram the screws home as tightly as you can, but in the morning you discover that the impression made upon the cloth scarcely exists at all, and the trousers remain more or less tubular in shape, instead of being, as well-creased trousers should be, considerably narrower when viewed from the front than they are when viewed from the side.

A pair of trousers made of medium or thin material may easily be pressed, but those made of thick stuff are extremely difficult to deal with.

The only way to secure the desired result is to damp the trousers slightly before you put them into the press.

Do not sprinkle water upon them, but merely sponge with a damp cloth the places where the creases are to be. After treatment of this sort, you will find that the trousers are ornamented with creases that will remain there all day.

DYEING SUITS.

The average man regards the dyer's art as something that is of no use to him. It may be all very well for a woman to have her dresses dyed, but to a man, he thinks, it is only useful for changing the colour of a tie, and in that case it is cheaper to buy a new one.

But the wise and economical man will often turn the possibilities of dyeing to account for renovating his suits.

Often it happens that one gets tired of a suit before it is by any means worn out, or perhaps there is on it a stain that cannot be removed. The obvious remedy is to have the whole suit dyed to some colour a shade darker than it was before.

Any suit can be dyed dark blue, and most suits can be converted to a dark green or brown. Only "self-colours," of course, are possible, but that, to most men, is no drawback.

Dyeing is also sometimes useful when it is found necessary to replace some part of an otherwise sound suit—for instance, a worn collar, or a torn pocket-flap—and the new cloth looks painfully different from the old. The old suit may then be dyed, and if it is cleaned and pressed at the same time it will be in every respect as good as a new one.

It is usually possible to get a suit dyed for 4s. 6d., or thereabouts, and when this is compared with the price of a new suit, the advantages of the plan to a man who is careful about his appearance, are obvious.

THICK GLOVES AND MONEY.

A recent experience of mine may be useful to some of my readers, and may, incidentally, save them money.

I was wearing a very thick pair of driving gloves the other evening, and when I searched my pocket for the necessary florin to pay the cabman I naturally removed one of them.

So far so good.

My mistake lay in in putting on the glove again and holding the florin between my gloved fingers while I waited for the cab to pull up. Down dropped the florin and rolled over the step, and I suppose someone thaught it a bit of luck when they found it in the gutter in the morning.

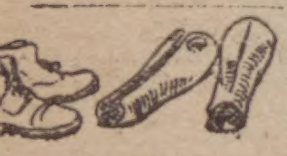
I shall never again handle money while I have thick gloves on.

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports. This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer. Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:
HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS.
An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.
J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling.



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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Two pairs "Saxone" boots, strong, brown, sevens, 16s. 6d. pair; sell both 15s. 6d.; first soles not worn.—Box 1970, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's superior quality hunting breeches, equal new, 12s., cost 70s.; also tweed coat, 10s. Box 1980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Riding breeches, leather strapping, medium size, 37in. Price 10s. 6d.—Box 1981, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good second-hand pair riding breeches. 32in. leg, cheap.—Box 1982, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, thick heavy-made tweed driving or motor coat, 42in. chest, 5ft. 10in. man, equal to new, well lined, deep collar and cuffs; cheap.—Box 1983, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sportsmen! For all sports wear pneumatic soles. Finest rubber, non-slipping, adjustable, fit any shaped boot, easily fixed. Pneumatic soles, 2s. 9d.; heels, 1s. 3d.; plain soles, 2s. 3d.; heels, 1s. Sizes under fours, 1s. less; heels, 3d. less.—Earle, Bedminster Down Road, Bristol.

Wanted, pair of Richardson's adjustable ball bearing skates, aluminium wheels preferred; must be cheap and in good condition.—Box 1975, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, full-size bagatelle board with cues and ivory balls; must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 1984, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punch ball, as new, cost 15s. 6d.; trapeze, adjustable, complete, 12s. 6d.; pair hand rings, leather covered, adjustable ropes, complete; 25s. lot; bargain, cash; no offers.—Box 1985, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, bagatelle table, 10ft., slate bed, 9 large ivory balls, complete, in new condition; £6 10s.—Box 1986, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

5 by 4 "Ray" folding camera, slide, cloth, case, tripod, accept 30s., cost more than double.—Box 1972, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

4-plate Houghton, No. 4 pocket Tudor, Busch rapid symmetrical F 8, Busch and Lomb Unicum speed shutter, rack, and focus, double extension, 4 double dark slides, aluminium tripod, only soiled; £2 10s. cost £5 5s.—Box 1974, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale or exchange, ¼ plate Midg camera, cost 21s., nearly new. What offers?—Box 1987, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Choice pointer pups for sale; sire and dam both prize-winners; full pedigree given.—Photo of parents on applying to Kennelman, Thornleigh, Chilsworthy, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

Wanted, a highly bred bloodhound dog puppy with good points.—Box 1988, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Collie dog, sable and white, 2 years, handsome, well bred, fine head; £1.—Box 1989, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Wanted, immediately, 100-egg Hearson incubator. Give number in egg drawer.—Box 1990, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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